

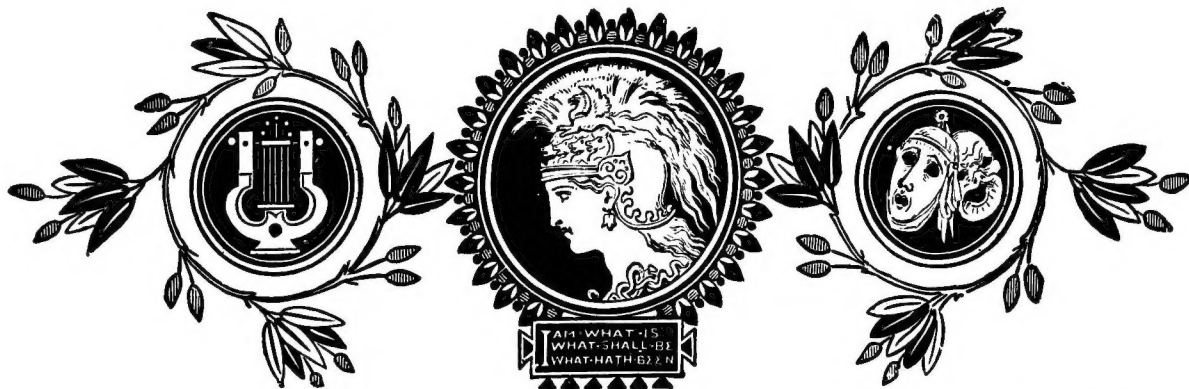
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MAY 19, 1900

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1900

WITH EXTRA EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT:  
"The War in South Africa"

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KASKELINE

The celebration of the German Crown Prince's coming of age in the Royal Castle, Berlin, began with the service in the Chapel, where the Prince took the oath. On the conclusion of the ceremony the Emperor and Empress and their son held a Court in the White Hall of the Castle, where they received the

congratulations of their exalted guests, among whom was the Duke of York, representing Queen Victoria, who is godmother as well as the great-grandmother of the Crown Prince

THE COMING OF AGE OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: CONGRATULATIONS FROM EXALTED GUESTS



# Topics of the Week

**The End of the Free State**

FOR the second time in the course of little more than half a century the Orange Free State has become a dependency of the British Crown. It was in 1848 that, in a spasm of premature Imperialism, the British Government first instructed Sir Harry Smith to annex the Orange River Sovereignty, as it was then called. It remained British for just six years, and was then voluntarily given back to itself by the Paramount Power, and almost forced to accept independence. To-day, when people talk of a legacy of race hatred being bequeathed by the war, it is instructive to look back on the precedent of 1848. The Boers in the Free State were defeated with much slaughter at Boomplaat, and the British flag was hoisted at Bloemfontein. At first the new rule was unpopular, and was rendered the more unpopular by a policy which was not quite as tactful as it might have been. Within three years, however, the whole country was conciliated, and when in 1854 the Duke of Newcastle decided on pulling down the British flag both Dutch and British protested against the measure. The elected delegates of the people, consisting of seventy-six Dutch and nineteen English members, declared solemnly for the maintenance of British supremacy, and even sent representatives to England to implore Ministers not to abandon them. That this precedent will repeat itself quite in the same way now is not likely, but it at any rate affords good ground for hoping that a permanent estrangement of races will not follow the war. That the Orange Free State should have been the first of the Republics to fall is well within the fitness of things, besides having been geographically inevitable. The Free State may be said to have made the war, for President Kruger has acknowledged that, without its assistance, the Transvaal could not have defied the Paramount Power as it did. That it made the war, too, well knowing that the cause it was defending was unrighteous, if not actually predatory, is also clear. If it believed the Transvaal to be right on the alien franchise question, why did it pursue the very opposite course itself in admitting strangers to its citizenship? For Mr. Steyn to say that the circumstances of the two Republics differed, and that, while the Free State could with safety adopt a liberal franchise, the Transvaal Boers would be swamped by it, is an argument of transparent speciousness. Sir Alfred Milner was ready to agree to any reasonable plan for guaranteeing the Boers against an Uitlander predominance, and this was well known to President Steyn. Had he acted honestly on this knowledge, and told President Kruger that he would not join him until the reasonable demands put forth by the High Commissioner at the Bloemfontein Conference had been granted, there would have been no war, and the independence of the Republics would never have been jeopardised. Mr. Steyn was, however, tempted by an overweening ambition. He was debauched by the dream of a Dutch South African Republic reaching from the Zambesi to the sea—a Republic of which he might be the head. He and his compatriots are now paying the penalty for this dangerous indulgence.

**The Ashanti Rising**

ALTHOUGH the aspect of affairs in Ashantiland has not brightened perceptibly since last week, neither has it grown darker. Some additional tribes, including the Bekwais, are rumoured to have joined the rising, and it seems pretty certain that a complete cordon of insurgents now surrounds Kumasi. But be their number what it may, it is simply inconceivable that they should be able to carry the fort by storm, while only inexcusable neglect could have allowed the garrison to be starved out. So far as that goes, therefore, public anxiety may be allayed, for the present, at all events. But whether the relieving force now being massed at Prahsu will succeed in cutting its way through to Kumasi is quite a different question. The whole of the intervening country is intersected by deep ravines, brimful of water at the present season, while the luxuriant tropical vegetation impedes progress terribly. There is dense cover nearly the whole way, and amid such surroundings the undisciplined and untrained fighter stands on equal footing with the disciplined and trained. It is affirmed, too, that many of the Ashantis have somehow come into possession of excellent rifles, instead of the wretched muskets on which they set such store in King Koffee's time. Governor Hodgson had sufficient grounds, therefore, for expressing doubt, when first cooped up in the little fort, as to whether relief of a really effectual character would be possible before the dry season set in. The question of questions is, therefore, the same that has presented itself at Mafeking for more than six months—whether the supply of food and ammunition can be made to last until the besiegers are driven away.

**National Rifle Clubs**

LORD SALISBURY has been charged with undue optimism for giving prominent place to rifle clubs among the future defensive arrangements for the kingdom. Yet, in the Middle Ages, the State adopted a very similar method to insure a full supply of skilled archers, and history records that every village had its practice ground for training. What the Premier really hopes for is not to create

a nation of soldiers, but to render as many adult males as may be willing to help in the defence of the country thoroughly competent so far as good shooting goes. The Boers, whose marksmanship leaves nothing to be desired, have no need of special training; they get it from a very early age in the pursuit of big game. Even the young lads know how to handle a rifle; their education may be imperfect in other respects, but it is very complete and effective in this particular branch. The object sought, then, by the formation of rifle clubs is to qualify British manhood with the first essential for military efficiency. All men, except those with very imperfect sight or nerves, can be made good shots; it is purely a matter of persistent practice, under skilled tuition during the preliminary stages. The managers of the new organisations should not concern themselves, therefore, with drilling or the parade work, or uniform. Their prescriptive labour is to render aid in improving the national marksmanship as a whole, in order that, should any sudden emergency arise, the whole masculine population above a given age might be as skilled as the Boer farmers have shown themselves in manning the natural defences of their country.

**The Irish Re-union**

WHEN Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Dillon appeared on the same platform at Manchester, did it occur to either, we wonder, that their interesting fraternisation was dimly prefigured in "Bombastes Furioso"? That immortal work described one lion as regarding the other as a "bore," and we are inclined to question whether much the same feeling did not secretly pervade the inner consciousness of the two Irish leaders. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that both made brave show of reconciliation, quite in the manner of Box and Cox. Mr. Redmond complimented his old rival as a double-distilled patriot; Mr. Dillon declared he had never experienced a more happy moment in his life; in fine, it only needed the discovery of a strawberry mark and some tender embracing to complete the dramatic tableau. As a matter of course, the base Sassenach came in for plentiful abuse; that, at all events, is common ground for all Hibernian demagogues, just as a mob of roughs will turn from fisticuffing one another to exercise their muscles on some interfering constable. As usual, too, dark predictions were uttered about what will happen to villainous England when gentle Erin "takes the flure," shillelagh in fist. Mr. Redmond threatens something alike "inconvenient and dangerous;" his loving colleague contents himself with foreshadowing a mysterious outcome of Irish re-union which will not become manifest until after the General Election. It is really cruel of these distinguished seers to talk in such a vague manner. Even the condemned have notice given them as to the hour at which they must be ready for execution. In the meanwhile, the English people have the happiness of knowing that the Queen's visit to Ireland has largely effected a reconciliation, by the side of which that between Messrs. Redmond and Dillon seems to lack sincerity terribly.

**Finance and Famine**

ON the surface, the accounts of the Indian Government for the past year offer some consolation for the present distress. In spite of famine, the revenue came in well, and but for the expenditure incurred in the relief of starving people there would have been a handsome surplus. That is very satisfactory so far as it goes, but undue weight must not be attached to these consoling figures. In the first place the distress caused by the famine has not yet reached its height. It will be a month or more yet before the rains begin to fall, and during all these weeks the sufferings of the starving ryots will daily grow more terrible. The Government of India is undoubtedly doing what it can, but the famine commissioner appointed by the Viceroy has officially reported that the amount of suffering to be relieved is more than the existing resources of the Government can cope with. Nor is the saving of the people from death by starvation—if it be possible—the only task before the Indian Government. In addition it must take measures to give a fresh start in life to the cultivators who have lost their all by the failure of the rains. Seed corn and plough cattle must be provided, or the vivifying rain will moisten the ground to no purpose. It has wisely been decided by the Indian Government to make advances to the peasantry to enable them to start afresh, and the advances will be convertible into free gifts when desirable. Lord George Hamilton has further indicated that if the need should arise he will ask Parliament to assist the Indian Government with money. That promise is almost too cautious for the generous sentiment which undoubtedly pervades all the people of the British Isles. India is poor and England is rich, and at a moment when India is suffering from a terrible calamity the people of England do not wish to ask whether the Indian Government by pinching and scraping could just get through its difficulties. India has not hesitated to help England at the moment of need in South Africa, and England would gladly give a handsome contribution towards repairing the stupendous losses caused by the famine. The Government may feel confident that it will be supported by friends and opponents alike if it asks for a large Parliamentary grant as a free gift to India.

# The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN C

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE other day I was locked up in the punishment cell in — "And quite right too," I hear indignant readers exclaim, they'll keep you there for a year." "Dear me, is it possible some weak-kneed partisans. "Well, you know, I always that there was something queer about the Bystander." my good friends. If you had not interrupted me I was going that my incarceration in Her Majesty's Gaol only last seconds, and I was discharged from custody without a stain character. It all came about by two merry young damsels— great friends of mine—insisting upon my taking them Newgate, and when they were locked up in the aforesaid they were rather frightened. I know I was, and when the door was closed and the outer door was bolted and I thought occurred to me, supposing anything went wrong with and the warden could not turn the lock. As a general rule nothing about absolute darkness. A dark night is never dark, a room unlit generally receives some faint illumination the window. But the darkness of the punishment cell is appalling, you cannot even see your hands, nor the glitter watch-chain or eyeglass, and, I fancy, if you were in there you would cease to believe in your own existence. I had this temporary imprisonment was my very first experience of darkness.

The number of people who have nothing to do in London is one of the most striking features in the Metropolis. You will find this in the ordinary way, when a horse has fallen down or a lady has a dispute with a cabman. People always assemble immediately, and however long the incident lasts they will see it out. During the recent patriotic demonstrations we find this condition of things considerably magnified, and thousands of people loiter the whole day in demonstrating. If the function were to last a week I believe they would be quite equal to the occasion, and would do their duty as demonstrators for the whole seven days with undiminished energy. How they can find time for all this, and what becomes of their business when they are away, is one of those mysteries that I am unable to unravel.

Though the upside-down house at the Paris Exhibition will doubtless be very popular, the notion is by no means new. The idea occurs in "The Scattergood Family" by Albert Smith, published, I suppose, fifty years ago. One of the characters therein—I forget his name, I have not the book, so am only writing from memory—who I think lived at Islington, had a great predilection in favour of topsy-turvydom. He whitewashed his floors, he carpeted his ceilings, he hung his pictures upside down, his curtains were hung wrong way up, his birdcages were bottom upmost, and his chandelier grew out of the floor. His page-boy had been specially engaged because he could walk on his hands, and was paid an extra salary for keeping himself wrong way up as much as possible. I have not seen the book for years, but I have a distinct recollection of the illustrations by John Leech. In one of these the upside-down room of the eccentric gentleman is shown, and the buttons walking on his hands and introducing some visitors is graphically depicted.

Brown shoes are the cause of a considerable amount of anxiety and trouble to most of us. In the first place it is quite impossible for anybody to venture out in a new pair because they look so very new, and the yellow is so very bright that it reminds one of the sand slippers that used many years ago to be worn at Ramsgate and Margate. Hence it comes to pass that you cannot wear out new shoes in public till they are properly toned. Now this toning has to be accomplished by an expert. He uses all kinds of artificial creams, sheepskin pads, and polishing cloths to bring the leather to an acceptable colour and a suitable polish. It sometimes takes months before a pair of shoes is perfect, and there is of course tribulation and not a few failures before this perfection is reached. When, however, your feet look as if they were shod in pieces of ancient mahogany dining-table brilliantly polished you feel content. But your contentment does not last long, for just at the moment when your foot-coverings begin to crack across the "uppers," you are only preparatory to their breaking up altogether. Now what is the reason to know is why all this colouring and toning cannot be done before the shoes leave the shop, and why we cannot buy shoes in a perfect condition for wearing?

My note with regard to Las Palmas has aroused general interest, and I have received many letters concerning it. My friend returned, and is very enthusiastic with regard to the advantages of the place. I believe he did not live at the rate of 20*l.* a year, his sojourn out there. Still, he says, it can be done, and that the natives exist there on less. He informs me that the best place for any one seeking information with regard to these parts is "Madeira and the Canary Islands." This inexpensive volume contains a lot of valuable information, and it would be well for those who have a fancy to settle in the genial climate to take before taking any serious steps in the matter.

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MONSTER PROGRAMME, including, Henri CAZMAN in "Le Café Chantant," Adelina ANTONIO, the Marvellous Continental Aerial Gymnast; the Four Musical PALMERS; Prof. DENT, Ventriloquist; the BARNATOS, Military Musical Eccentrics; JEAN and IRENE in an Illusion; the DAISY Ballet; Katie Kyrle, Ballad Vocalist; BOWIE BILL and the White Squaw; Willis, Conjuror; Harry Jackson, Comedian; Mlle. FLOSSIE, Eccentric Comedienne; Stuart and Mac, Comedians and Knockabouts; Baby Lucy, Whistling Act; FRITZ and Mlle. D'AULDIN, Continental Sword Swallowers; the Sisters Corri, Duettists and Dancers; Edie Nichols, Patriotic Song and Dance; CINATUS, Zamond and Lady, Hand Balancers; Grace Dudley, Serio and Dancer; Jeannette Latour, Ballad Vocalist; C. A. Dunlop, Double Banjoist; PETTITT and LEWIS, Sketch, "The First Lesson;" Laurie Wallis, Transformation Dancer; Baroux and Bion, Burlesque Boxers the SWALLOW Sensational Rifle Shots; Louise Agnes, Irish Vocalist; W. MATTHEWS, Negro Eccentric; Jeannie MIRETTE, Acrobatic Dancer; E. L. FREDERICK, Vocalist; Frank and Amy MAJILTON, Comical Jugglers; Mons. BERT, Modern Miracles; MELIA, Clog Dancer; FRAHM, Rifle and Axe Juggler; the VEZEYS, Singing and Musical Dogs; ANNIE LUKER'S Great Dive from the Roof, and many others. ALL FREE. Thirteen Hours' Entertainment for 1s., Children 6d.  
JEFFRIES and SHARKEY. The most marvellous AMERICAN BIOGRAPH Show ever witnessed (by courtesy of the Palace Theatre, Ltd., London). A Realistic Representation of the GREAT FIGHT for the Heavy Weight CHAMPIONSHIP, 3.30 and 8.30, ST. STEPHEN'S HALL.  
See the SWIMMING at 5 and 10; Spanish BULL FIGHT, at 4.30 and 9.30.  
See the Unique Collection of Authenticated KIMBERLEY WAR RELICS.  
NOTICE.—An ARMY and NAVY EXHIBITION will be held May 24 to July 7. Loans Invited.

LONDON HIPPODROME,  
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.  
Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.  
TWICE DAILY at 2 and 8 p.m.  
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.  
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and Regent Street, W. THE RECORD OF THIRTY-SIX YEARS ECLIPSED, BY THE GRAND FASTER PROGRAMME, containing NEW SKETCHES, SONGS and DANCES.  
Nightly, at 8. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, at 3 and 8.

WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, 1900.  
EARL'S COURT, WEST BRIMPTON and WEST KENSINGTON.  
BICYCLE SHED FREE (Lillie Road Entrance).  
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.  
Season Tickets, 10s. 6d., at the Exhibition and the Libraries.  
ADMISSION DAILY, 1s. Open 11 to 11.  
An International Exhibition of Women's Work and Progress in Fine, Applied, and Liberal Arts, Industrial and Domestic Work, Education, and Philanthropy.  
ELITE GRAND ORCHESTRA OF 60 LADIES.  
THE MAINE LADIES' NAVY ORCHESTRA.  
THE SWEDISH HUSSAR LADIES' BAND.  
IMRE KIRALFY'S  
Brilliant Realisation of the Homes, Life, Work, and Pastimes of the WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS.  
THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S HISTORIC DOLLS.  
THE DINKA VILLAGE. VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.  
THE GREAT CANADIAN WATER CHUTE.  
THE GIANTIC WHEEL.  
SALVIATTI'S VENETIAN GLASS WORKERS.  
KHAKIUM STREETS, THE BAY OF NAPLES.  
GALLERY OF LIVING PICTURES.  
THE ANIMATED ELECTRIC THEATRE.  
CAPE TO CAIRO EXCURSIONS.  
INCUBATORS. SPORTS HALL.  
THE GRAVITY RAILWAY. AUTOMOTOR BOATS.  
THE GARDENS. Lovelier than ever.

GOD IS LOVE.  
A. E. EMSLIE'S GREAT SACRED PICTURES and Forty-two Paintings of the HOLY LAND. On view 10 to 6. Admission 1s. Emslie Gallery EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

GEO. REES' GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS,  
SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND (Corner of Savoy Street).  
ENGRAVINGS and ETCHINGS. SUITABLE for WEDDING PRESENTS.  
"RISING TIDE," Peter Graham, R.A.; "IN THE HAYFIELD," B. W. Leader, R.A.; "THE DUEL," Rosa Bonheur; "SUMMER SLUMBERS," Lord Leighton, P.R.A.; "SPEAK, SPEAK!" Sir John Millais, P.R.A.; "HERO," Alma-Tadema, R.A.; "HIS LAST FURROW," Herbert Dicksee; "NEARLY DONE," W. Dendy Sadler; "HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY," Fred Morgan; "THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY," A. Drummond; "TWO CONNOISSEURS," Meissonier; "LA RIXE," Meissonier; "CLEMATIS," Norman Hirst; "OTTER-HUNTING," George Earl; "SALMON POACHING," Douglas Adams; "DIANA and CALLISTO," Henrietta Rae; "SING UNTO THE LORD," Mary Groves; "THE LOST CAUSE," A. C. Gow, A.R.A.; "GOING DOWN THE WIND," A. Thorburn.—GEO. REES' NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 3d., sent to any part of the world.

PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.—In connection with the Oberammergau Passion Play, the first representation of which takes place on May 20 and the last on September 30, the Great Eastern Railway Company have arranged inexpensive return tickets to Munich. Passengers can travel either via the Hook of Holland and Cologne, or via Antwerp and Cologne. For tourists combining a visit to Oberammergau with the Bavarian Highlands and the finer districts of the Austrian Tyrol, the Company have also arranged a series of Combination Tickets for Cheap Circular Tours (Kundreise System) via the Hook of Holland, including Oberau, the station for Oberammergau.



## The Opening of the Opera Season

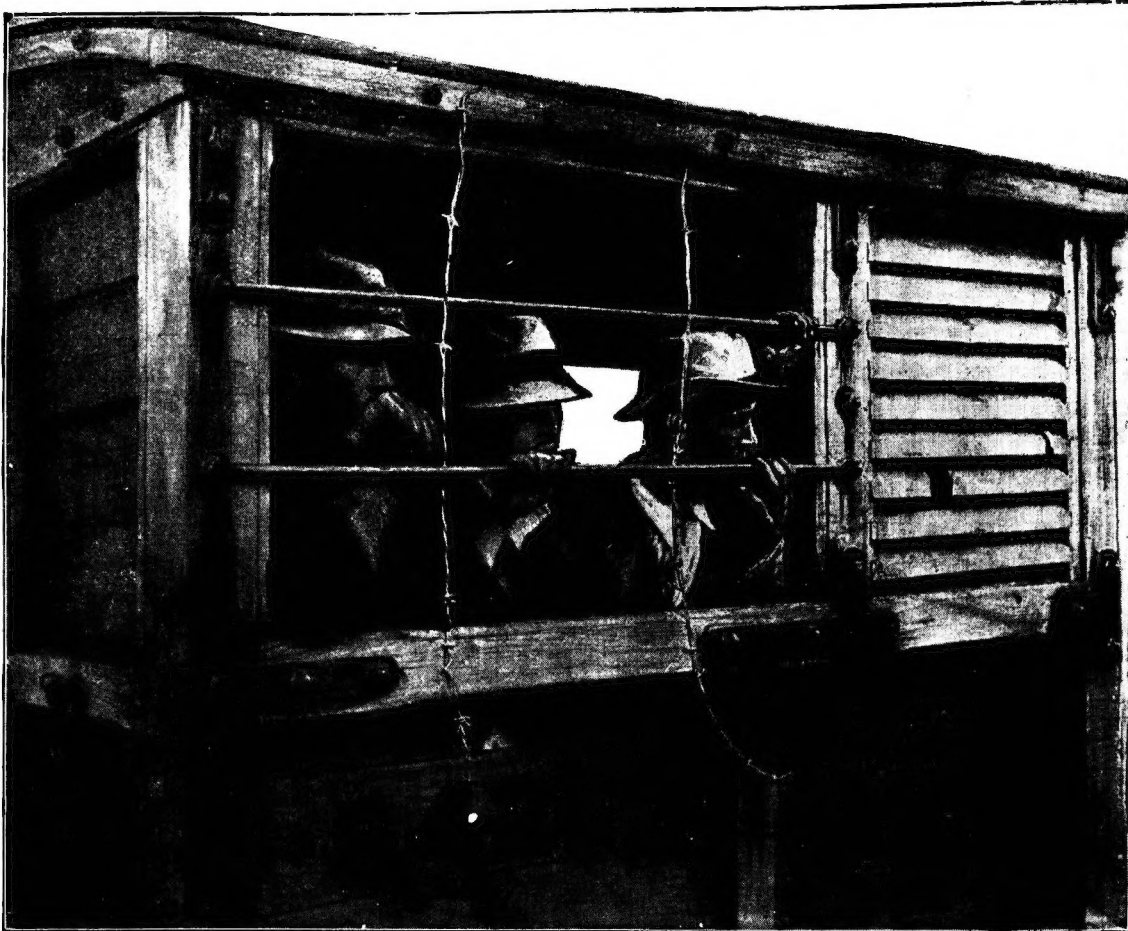
THE Opera Season of 1900 opened at Covent Garden on Monday night under the most brilliant auspices. At one time it was feared that, owing to war and other troubles, the season might either be given with maimed rites, or be altogether abandoned. It is, we believe, an open secret that the situation was saved by the Prince of Wales, who is a very warm supporter of the Opera, and who declared that—unforeseen circumstances apart—it would be to the advantage of everybody that the season should be held as usual, and, if possible, in more than usually brilliant fashion. So many people, indeed, depend upon the Opera, not only the artistes and employes, but also dressmakers (from wealthy proprietors of such establishments to the poorest of their hands), florists, jewellers, and others innumerable, that it would be a real misfortune if the operatic star were dimmed. As a matter of fact the Opera Season this year promises to be an even more important function than ever, for it is said that a good many wealthy families, who, owing to mourning or other causes, cannot entertain in their own houses, intend to meet their friends at Covent Garden. Certainly the subscription is even better than ever, and the list of subscribers, altogether apart from the half-dozen boxes taken by members of the Royal Family, includes no fewer than four dukes, eleven earls, nearly a couple of dozen

lords and ladies, and other people of title, rank, or wealth. The opera house has been refurbished up for the new season, the paint has been refreshed, the box hangings cleansed, and the new proscenium, with its handsome tableau curtains, been duly fixed.

In regard to some of these newcomers we must defer notice till next week. The opening performance of the season was *Faust*, with Suzanne Adams as Marguerite, and a cast which included one *débutante*, Mlle. Maubourg, a mezzo-soprano from Brussels.

Moreover, on the stage a good deal of money has been spent in new dresses for favourite operas, and in new woodland and other scenery for *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

Changes have had to be made in the arrangements almost at the last moment. Herr Kraus, of Berlin, who last year at Bayreuth turned the heads of a good many of the American ladies by his magnificent stage presence in *Siegfried*, was on Tuesday to have made his London *début* as Tannhäuser. He, however, preferred to delay his appearance until June. In June, however, the Covent Garden lists will be full, so in place the management at very short notice engaged Herr Carlen of Bremen, who was thus announced to sing Tannhäuser, with Miss Strong as Venus, Frau Tern as Elizabeth, Herr Bertram, a baritone from Munich, as Wolfram, and Herr Blass, a German American basso, as the Tannhäuser. On Wednesday *Alina* was announced, Miss MacIntyre, who this season replaces Mademoiselle Eames (that lady having alas! at the last moment developed a disposition which renders it necessary), playing the title character, while Miss Edith Walker, an American singer who until recently has been a member of the Vienna Company, was down to make her *début* as Amneris, and M. Imbart Latour, a tenor from Brussels, who, it is said, sings the old and the Wagnerian repertory equally well, was announced to make his *début* as Rhadamès, Signor Scotti, the Italian baritone who made his *début* last year, being the heavy father.



Our illustration, which is from a snapshot by Mr. J. Hall Edwards, of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, taken from the window of the train on the way from Cape Town to Deelfontein, shows how prisoners are taken down from the front. We do not shut them up entirely in the trucks as the Boers do with our prisoners, but give them plenty of ventilation. A little barbed wire is put across the opening to make escape none too easy.

### BOER PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO CAPE TOWN



DRAWN BY H. JOHNSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Our Correspondent writes:—"The men here shown belong to a picket of the 2nd Middlesex. The photograph was taken near Surprise Hill, Ladysmith. The cook is getting tea ready for the picket. The pot which the soldiers call a "dixie" is resting on some stones between which smoulders the fire. An

empty "bully" box acts as a table. The meal consists of bread, meat served in the lid of the "dixie," some onions, and sugar (rolled up in paper) for the tea."

### WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE: SIGNALLERS AT WORK NEAR SURPRISE HILL





DRAWN BY JOHN SASH, R.I.

The fire which practically wiped out the city of Hull and destroyed a large portion of Ottawa broke out at 11 o'clock in the morning on April 26. In the high wind the flames soon

got beyond the control of the firemen, and it was determined to send to Montreal for assistance. This was readily and promptly granted. A special train was arranged for, which

brought up nine firemen, two steamers, a wagon of hose and six horses. The men were at work by six o'clock, and did good service

# THE GREAT FIRE AT OTTAWA: MONTREAL TO THE RESCUE

FROM A SKETCH BY F. E. EAWDEN





FOLLOW MY LEADER: THE CROWD AT THE HEELS OF THE WINNER  
THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

M. Cossira, who last appeared here some years ago in *L'Attaque du Moulin*, was a competent though not very striking representative of Faust, Signor Scotti, who appeared instead of the new French baritone, M. Decléry, made a highly dramatic Valentine, and Mlle. Maubourg, a new mezzo-soprano from Brussels was Siebel. Mlle. Maubourg sang the flower song in the garden scene with much taste, and although Siebel does not afford a new artist very much opportunity of distinguishing herself, she seems likely to prove a useful member of the troupe. The audience on the opening night was very brilliant, and no fewer than three boxes were occupied by members of the Royal Family.

Thursday was set apart for the very welcome reappearance of Madame Calvé, who has not been at Covent Garden for a couple of seasons. Madame Calvé has recently been obliged to contradict certain reports as to her health in the American papers. Her voice indeed is, she believes, as fresh as ever, although during the past winter, owing to the severity of the American climate, she has suffered to a certain extent from slight attacks of rheumatism. She wisely decided to make her *réentrée* in her famous part of Carmen, that graceful artist Madame Suzanne Adams being the Michael, and M. Cossira the Don José. To-night was to have seen the *début* of the Australian soprano, Miss Miranda, as Baucis in Gounod's *Phyllis et Baucis*, but the newcomer, perhaps wisely,

prefers to make her first bow before the English audience in some part which permits the display of greater histrionic versatility, and accordingly *Pagliacci* will be played instead, together with *Cavalleria Rusticana*, in which Madame Calvé will sing her old and famous part, and Mr. O'Mara, from the Carl Rosa Opera Company, will make his *début* at the Royal Opera as Turiddu.

#### CONCERTS AND OTHER PERFORMANCES

Madame Albani's concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday was a thorough success, mainly, no doubt, owing to a far more interesting programme than *prime donne* usually put forward. The Canadian artist contented herself with a couple of solos, namely, the famous florid air with two flutes from *L'Etoile du Nord*, a piece of bravura which first Jenny Lind and afterwards Madame Patti made famous, and the finale, viz., Isolde's "Liebestod" from *Tristan*. The last of the Queen's Hall Ballad Concerts was likewise held on Saturday afternoon, and the first of the pianoforte recitals of Mr. Dawson, who played soundly and without exaggeration Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata."

Among the other numerous concerts of the week may be mentioned the first of the special performances of M. Ysaye, who proposes to give a series of Violin Recitals, and also some concerts with the

Queen's Hall band. There was also the Philharmonic concert, at which there was a familiar programme, Miss Clara Butt singing Elgar's "Sea Pictures," and Signor Busoni giving a most brilliant interpretation of Liszt's Concerto in A, and, as an encore piece, Chopin's Polonaise in A Flat. Mr. Archibald Rosenthal, a new pianist, sound rather than brilliant, has made his *début* at St. James's Hall; Miss Violet Defries, a promising mezzo-soprano, whose voice will well repay better cultivation, has also made her first appearance; and among the other concert-givers have been Miss Ethel Marsh, a niece of Mr. Alec Marsh, late of the Carl Rosa Company.

## The Court

THE QUEEN'S visit to town closed on Saturday, when Her Majesty went back to Windsor amid the same hearty greetings from the London crowds as on her arrival. The chief event in the Queen's stay at Buckingham Palace was the Drawing Room, where the Queen presided for the only time this season. It was a very crowded function, and the Prince and Princess of Wales with Prince Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught with Prince Margaret, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke of York surrounded Her Majesty in the Throne Room. Princess Margaret of Connaught then made her *début*, and very charming the Princess looked in her pure white toilette of chiffon trimmed with satin ribbon in tiny bows, and a train of silver-embroidered lace over satin. A spray of marguerites, the Princess's name flower, was fastened on the left shoulder. The Queen was in black taffetas embroidered in silk and jet, the Princess of Wales also wore black—net embroidered in jet and trimmed with lace and roses—while Princess Victoria had a handsome costume of ivory satin embroidered in pearls and diamonds. Indeed, embroidery was a great feature of the Court gowns, and roses were the favourite flowers. Numerous audiences were given, including one to the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Denne, killed in Africa, who brought her infant son to see his godmother, the Queen. Another little fatherless baby has the Queen as sponsor, the son of Captain Lomax, also killed in action.

Her Majesty was none the worse for her fatigues in town, but spent a quiet Sunday at Windsor afterwards. A Council was held at the Castle on Tuesday, and next day the Queen paid a fresh visit to Netley Hospital to see the sick and wounded returned from the front. The trip is accomplished very quickly, Her Majesty leaving the Castle after lunch, spending one hour and a half at the hospital, and being back at Windsor to dinner. To-day (Saturday) the Queen is going to Wellington College, where Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Princess Beatrice's eldest son, has just entered. On Tuesday next Her Majesty leaves for Balmoral, in time to spend her birthday. The Court will only pay a short visit to the Highlands, for the Queen intends to be back at Windsor early in June.

As the London season advances, the Prince and Princess of Wales are full of engagements. On Saturday the Prince began by presiding at a meeting of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and then joined his wife and daughter at the private view of Miss Ella du Cane's water-colour drawings of gardens English and foreign. He bought two pictures of Haddon Hall grounds, while the Princess purchased studies of Rome and Drummond Castle. Thence the Prince went down to Kempton Park to see the Jubilee Handicap run. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Victoria, went to church on Sunday, and next day the Princess held a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace on the Queen's behalf. Though not so crowded as that of last week, the Drawing Room was largely attended. The last Drawing Room for this year takes place next Friday, the Princess again presiding. On Tuesday the Princess was present at the matinee given at Drury Lane, on behalf of Princess Christian's Home of Rest for Disabled Soldiers, the Prince having gone down to Newmarket for two days. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince would open the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, his party including the Princess and Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke and Duchess of York. The Royal guests were to be received by a guard of honour from the 1st Grenadier Guards with the Queen's colour and band. Next week the Princess of Wales will open the grand National Bazaar in aid of the War Funds, on the Queen's birthday.

The inquiry into the attempt on the Prince of Wales's life shows very plainly that the attack was carefully planned by the four young revolutionists—Sipido, Meert, Peuchot, and Meire—and that Sipido, despite all his denials, *did* aim directly at the Prince. The accused are delaying their trial by sundry appeals, so that it cannot come off before July.

The German Emperor is certainly bent on showing his warm friendship for our Royal House, as he is sending over Prince Albrecht of Prussia to represent him as sponsor to the Duke and Duchess of York's infant son. This is the first time a Prince of



A GOOD DRIVE



PUTTING AT THE 12TH HOLE

Mr. Harold Hilton, of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, beat Mr. Robb, of St. Andrews, in the final tie of the Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich last week. Mr. Hilton has been three times in the final, but has never won it before. He has twice won the Open Championship—in 1892 and 1897, and he also won the Irish Amateur Championship in the latter year. Our photographs are by the Standard Photo Company, Strand

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE WINNER PLAYING HIS MATCH





THE BODY LYING IN STATE



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BODY AT THE RAILWAY STATION

the King. Lord has personally represented the Emperor on such an occasion, and that the honour is specially marked. Prince Albrecht is the Regent of Brunswick, and is uncle to Emperor William.

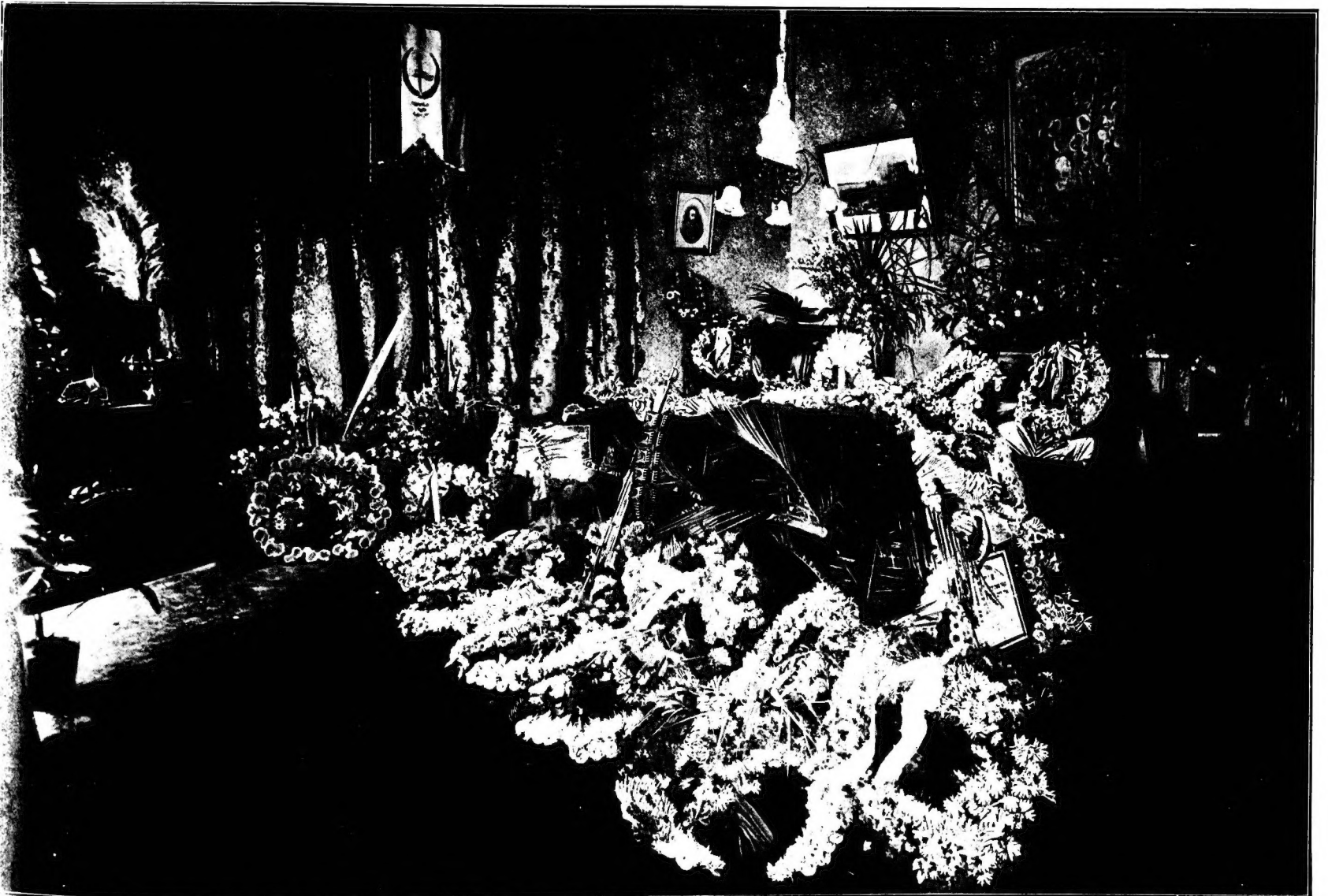
His duties in Ireland do not prevent the Duke of Connaught from aiding English charities. He went to Watford and Bushey on Saturday to lay the corner stone of the new schools belonging to the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, which have migrated from Wood Green, where they outgrew their quarters. The Duke had a hearty reception at Watford, with an address of welcome, and thence drove to Bushey for the ceremony, which closed with luncheon and speeches.

Another niece of the Princess of Wales has just been married—Princess Marie of Greece, only surviving daughter of the King and Queen of the Hellenes, who was united to the Grand Duke George Michailovitch of Russia at Corfu on Sunday. Long engagements amongst royalties are rare, but this couple had been betrothed

for over four years, their wedding having been repeatedly deferred for various causes—the war with Turkey, family mourning, and so forth. Moreover, King George and Queen Olga were loth to part with the only girl left to them after the premature death of their elder daughter, Princess Alexandra, who married the Grand Duke Paul of Russia. So many family ties connect the Greek Royal House with Russia—Queen Olga herself is a Russian—that it is natural enough Princess Marie should have a Russian husband. The Grand Duke George is the third son of the Grand Duke Michael, great-uncle of the present Czar, and his brother, the young Grand Duke Michael, who married the beautiful Countess Torby, is well known to English society. The bridegroom is, of course, a soldier, captain of a Lancer regiment and Aide-de-Camp to the Czar. He is thirty-six years old, while his bride is twenty-four. Princess Marie is a bright, clever girl, devoted to outdoor exercises and bicycling, and brought up in the homely, domesticated fashion which the Greek Court has copied from the parent Court in Denmark. It was a very quiet wedding, celebrated

at Corfu instead of at Athens, and with only a family party as witnesses. The marriage ceremony took place at the garrison church of St. George in the citadel, the wedding party going afterwards to the church of St. Spiridion for a special Benediction. The happy pair are spending their honeymoon at Sorrento, whence they go to the Paris Exhibition.

King Oscar of Sweden finds his time in England fully occupied. He has spent a day at Oxford with Professor Max Müller, and has been to several London theatres, whilst yesterday (Friday) he was to lunch with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. On Sunday he attended the morning service at the Norwegian Church, Rotherhithe, where he laid the foundation-stone twenty-nine years ago, and afterwards lunched with the Danish Minister. He goes shortly to Paris for the Exhibition, and will be entertained in State as the guest of the French Government. Our next Royal visitor will be the King of the Belgians, who is coming over in June to stay with the Prince of Wales.



THE COFFIN IN A ROOM OF THE LATE GENERAL'S HOUSE AT PRETORIA

The funeral of General Joubert took place at Pretoria on March 29. It was attended by all classes of the population, and by the foreign military attaches. Wreaths of flowers were sent by the British officers who are prisoners. The body was subsequently removed by train to the late General's farm residence on the Natal border for burial. Our photographs are by John Bowers, Pretoria

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL JOUBERT





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HAUL

The advance of Lord Roberts has been hindered by the pretended submission of the Boers, who, after having surrendered and given up

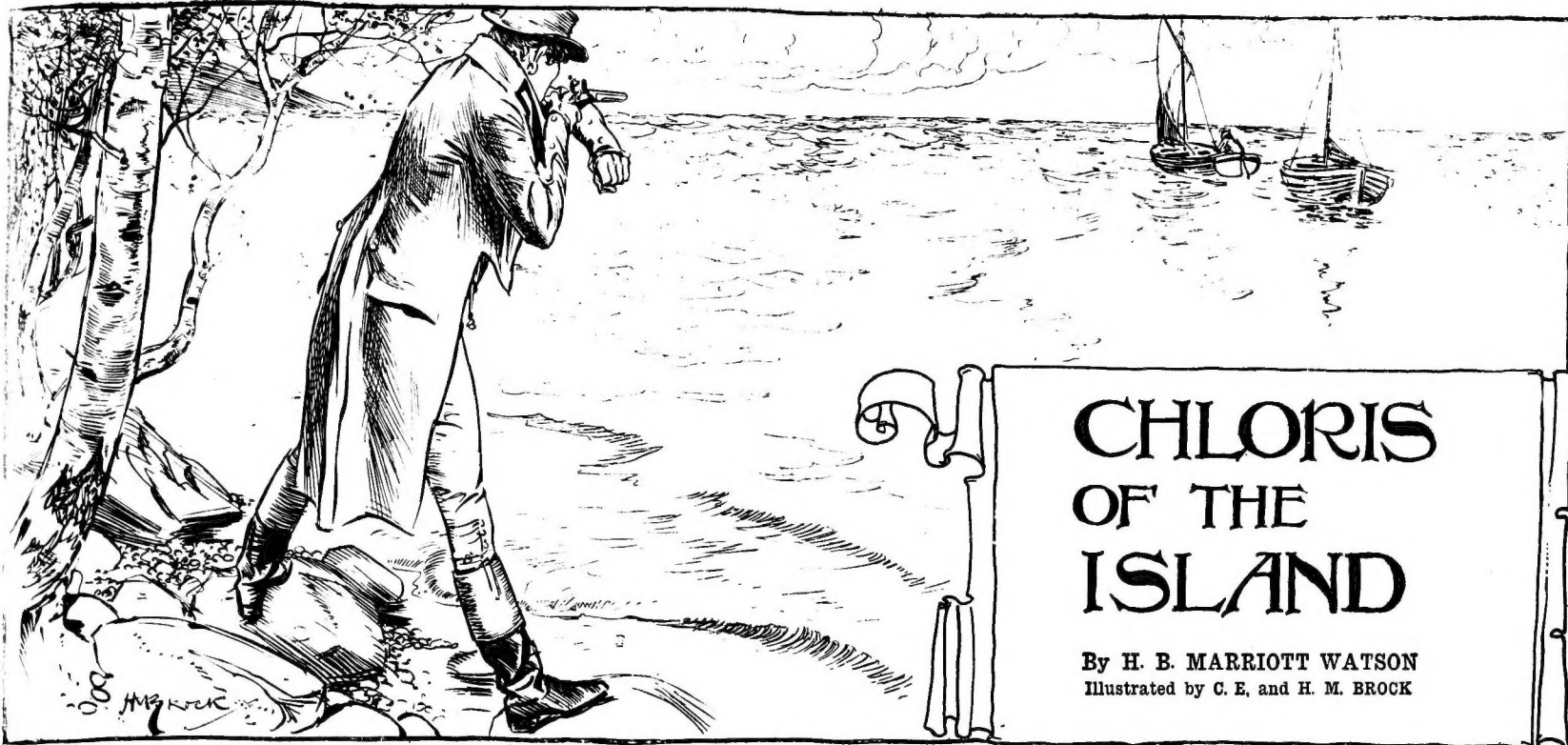
the Boers, and the Boers, have not always signs of submission, and have to be treated as

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

WITH LORD ROBERTS IN THE FREE STATE: THE ARREST OF A DUTCH SPECT



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## CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON  
Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

"Warburton drew a pistol . . . and, taking a steady aim, fired"

### CHAPTER VIII.—(continued)

WARBURTON descended still further upon the lawn, meaning to go by the copse through which he had arrived, but he was aware of the approach of Philip Carmichael. The younger Carmichael came up with some excitement shining in his face.

"Whether are you bound, Mr. Warburton?" he asked; "are you making for the cove?"

"No, sir," said Warburton bluntly.

"You are a very rash man. I warn you," said Carmichael in an indignant friendly tone.

"Have you run after me to tell me so?" asked the other with a sneer.

"Yes, I have. You have shot the mark, and something more besides. Nicholas is away, as you see, or you would not stand there so solidly. My father cajoled him away. Damme, Nick is a madman, and he knows nothing of our visitors. You have your own game to play, Mr. Warburton, but you are matching yourself too badly."

"That is as may be," said Warburton grimly, though he was somewhat amazed to discover in what fear even his own house he had been.

"Well, I warn you in a friendly way; I have no quarrel with you," said Philip impatiently. "You are welcome to the island, but that you were pursued from the mainland, and that he who has sought out Nick, who is upon his way, vowing to kill him."

"That," says Warburton without emotion. "This devil will waste, then."

"That is come before of his purpose; you have just time to

"Why did you tell me this?" asked Warburton curiously.

Philip shrugged his shoulders. "I know not. We have enjoyed enough of violence; I am for a short holiday. I would rather you went."

"Heavens, man, can't you restrain your own madman?" broke out Warburton coldly.

"I see no reason why we should in your case," flashed out Philip with a sneer.

Warburton made no reply for a time, then "You will hasten Miss Holt from the island?" he asked.

Philip nodded. "I will pack 'em off at once. My father knows. I wish no more trouble with Nick. Miss Holt is an elegant woman."

Warburton felt a faint and passing thrill of pity that this well-meaning and undisciplined young man must be involved in the fate of his family. But he could not spare it for the sake of one half-righteous soul. He bowed politely, as if the interview were thus closed, and resumed his journey. The fine breath of the wind tempered the heat of the afternoon, yet Lynsea appeared to shine and glisten almost in a tropic haze. The way was long and by side-paths, for Warburton knew not the direct road to the creek in which his boat lay. He was neither foolish nor foolhardy, and even before Philip's warning he had resolved to get back to Marlock. That that good-natured, arrogant youth had menaced him with alternatives did not in the least affect Warburton's plans. He was not the man to be dissuaded out of a purpose by false pride. If Philip Carmichael cared to believe he had taken the hint and fled in alarm, why, he was mighty welcome to his faith. On the summit of the slope, betwixt the valley of the homestead and the wooded creek, Warburton came to a rest. Overhead there was a huge calm spread upon the face of Heaven. In the far north a great white cloud hove in sight, and anchored; but presently it began to move slowly, swaying under a wind, and breaking its

cables, stood into the blue and lumbered across the sky, with all sails wide. Below the sea was skipping with white heads. He let his gaze go gently along the line of the coast until it entered the narrow arm of the sea for which he was bound. Something there arrested his eyes, and he arose and watched. A boat was putting into the creek, and, even as he strained to see who piloted her, disappeared from his view. Hastily he began to descend over broken ground and among furze and bracken to the water. His figure might be easily discerned by anyone upon the beach below, but he could see nothing save the strait of the sea and the little arm of wood which bordered it. As he drew nearer, however, a boat shot out, the occupant poling with his oar, and behind him trailed a second boat, cutting a line of foam. The man presently dropped his oar and set the sails. They drew ill under the land, but she slowly laboured out, the second vessel tossing in her wake. Clearly this was in tow. Warburton was puzzled, and then, instantaneously and inciting every nerve in his body, fell a thought. He quickened his pace, and leaping down the hill like a hart he reached the shore. The man with his two boats stood out a hundred yards gathering a fuller wind. Warburton sprang at the place where his skiff had been concealed. It was gone.

He ran along the beach of the creek towards the open sea, shouting, but the thief paid him no heed. At the distance he could make nothing of his face, but his figure appeared to be that of a sailor.

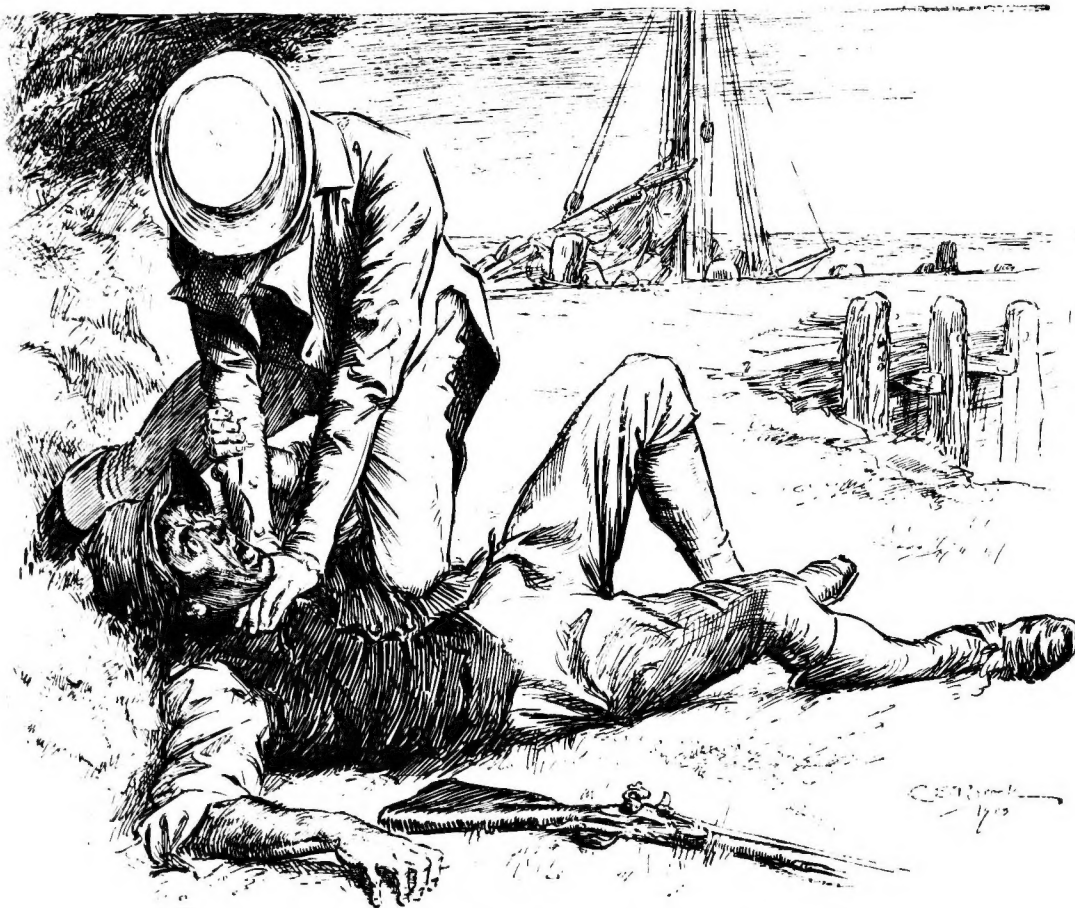
Warburton drew a pistol, primed it, and, taking a steady aim, fired. After the report the smoke wreathed in a heavy cloud, and was blown upwards; and there were the boats still slipping out to sea. He put up his pistol carefully, realising the futility of further efforts. He had been robbed clearly enough, but with what object? The question danced in Warburton's brain and received an answer. Philip had been anxious for him to go, but Nicholas would have him stay. This thief, no doubt, was the spy who had followed him. He had had his instructions and acted on them. Warburton was left on the island. There was only one inference possible. Nicholas Carmichael meant that he should not leave it.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE FETTER ON THE CAPTAIN

WARBURTON stood upon the brink of the sea for some time engrossed in thought. As yet he did not see clearly what course it would be best to take. He was filled for one thing with an amazing flare of anger, which thrilled and excited him. He turned in his mind to Nicholas Carmichael as one ferocious animal to another. This man meant death, and death he should have. If Warburton were to be kept on the island in order to wait that death, he would stay willingly, but the death he should await would not be his own. In a cloud of fury his temperate eyes were veiled, as he struggled with the various chances his mind cast up. He must have remained there by the creek for half an hour, at the end of which time he looked up fortuitously and saw Nicholas Carmichael descending the hill towards him.

With that recognition unexpectedly his doubts and madness passed. He grew to be as cool as was habitual with him, and his plans formed themselves rapidly. As he himself expressed it, he had not yet done with the Carmichaels, and he was not ready for a personal encounter with Nicholas. His fingers itched to clasp upon his pistol, as he watched his enemy drawing swiftly closer, but his purpose stood like iron; he turned and made his way into the thicket, whence he kept a watch upon the new-comer. Nicholas Carmichael came hastily to the beach, and looked about him in quest of someone. Far out at sea the boats had dwindled to a spot upon the water. Carmichael gazed at this flock of white, and then cast about him. He came down to the water's edge and fell to an examination of the sandy shore. The marks of Warburton's boots as well as of the thief's lay here in some confusion; yet Nicholas found what he sought out, and with his eyes bent on the ground, came upwards to the copse in which Warburton was hidden. Here he stopped, for the signs led him no further, yet he had settled this much, as Warburton guessed, that his creature had got away with the boat and that the man he hated and purposed to slay was still on the island. He turned and



"Warburton's fingers settled about the man's throat"



went quickly away, striking across the hill by a footpath which Warburton perceived for the first time; and when he was gone some way the object of his quest issued from his concealment and followed carefully after him. The road taken by Nicholas Carmichael ran over the spur behind the creek, and, instead of dipping down into the vale of the homestead, struck along the chine of the hills towards the western side of the island. It passed under cover for the better part of the journey, being hedged about by profuse and greening woods; but here and there the path emerged upon the bare hill-top, and it was on these occasions that Warburton was obliged to be careful. The whole distance was little more than a mile, for the island was tiny; yet the caution with which both proceeded made the way long. Nicholas Carmichael looked about him a great deal, which made Warburton the more wary. If he had only looked behind, or deemed that danger might spring from that quarter, it is possible that he might have caught his enemy and come to grips with him. But the thought that he might be followed never entered his head; the pursuer knew not that he was pursued; his eagle eyes went right and left, and his ears opened like a pointer's, but no signal of his victim's pursuit was brought by wind or bush. Warburton kept as close as he might, no sword to hamper him, but his pistol primed and to his hand; and it was thus they two came down from the summit of Lynsea, and, dropping slowly, passed into a dark green bower of junipers that lay, dwarf and creeping, up in the bluff southern face of the island. There was now scarce a score of paces between them, and it was plain to Warburton that Carmichael had given up any thought of finding him upon the way, being bound upon some other business. What this might be he had yet to guess. Suddenly Nicholas came to a pause by a huge juniper and, stooping, crept below the bush; there was some shuffling and waving of leafage, and then all was still—he had vanished.

Warburton crept as near as he dared, peering at the spot. But he added his discoveries together, and began to guess pretty well what this disappearance portended. Here must be hidden an inland entrance to the galleries which led to the smugglers' cavern. He made a note of the spot in his mind. "Indeed," ran his thought, "it will be of service to have this information. Captain Severn of the *Osprey* should be glad to learn so much when he comes to make his surprise."

He waited for some time in his hole, and was rewarded for his patience by the reappearance of Nicholas Carmichael, who issued forth of the passage, followed by several others. At a glance Warburton perceived these to be, not natives, but foreigners. They were French to their finger-nails, stained with tobacco, and he guessed that the smugglers' schooner was even then within the shelter of the cave. Why did they venture forth in this daylight when their natural business should be underground, among bales and casks? The answer came patly to his mind—Nicholas had need of them; they were called out to execute vengeance for him; the secret which he dared not entrust to the villagers on that coast might be confided safely to the foreign tongues and tougher consciences of these lawless Frenchmen. A hunt was forward, and Warburton himself, who watched them file up the pathway, was the quarry these desperadoes sought.

When it seemed safe he left his refuge and surmounted the rise in the rear of these fellows, but by this they were gone, and he could not discover in which direction. Warburton, as is very plain in these pages, was no coward, but he was not yet sure that it was in keeping with his policy to remain on the island. He was one against a dozen, and very ill-armed at that. Moreover, he had other business in his head, and trusted that he would bring these Carmichaels down in a great ruin all together. Yet the problem before him was to reach the mainland, and he now hit upon an idea which seemed remarkably easy. The Carmichaels had their boat, no doubt, at the landing-stage in the cove; he would use that. His own boat had been stolen by their agents; he would steal theirs.

The time was now towards six o'clock, and the sun was yet high and bright on the uplands; but as he began to go down into the northern valleys the shadows drew out, and evening fell upon him. His progress was very gradual, for he had to keep a strict watch, and several times he found that he had exposed himself in the open fields to any that might be spying for him. Hard on seven o'clock he reached the cove in which the homestead lay, and, using even more diligent care, got down to the water's edge. He moved very patiently under a belt of tamarisks, slipping point by point towards the little jetty which was plain in the dull light. Indeed, that dullness which had come with the lapse of evening threw up the white woodwork into sharper notice; the colours of the land and the reflections of the water stood out boldly now the sun no longer glared upon them. They glowed of themselves and with no borrowed brilliance. Warburton wondered if he himself were visible so clearly and with such atmosphere; and as the thought flashed in his mind he was struck still, arrested by the warning of his eyes. Under the tamarisks, lying into the neutral darkness of the sand and rocks, was the outstretched figure of a man. He was here, no doubt, as a sentinel, yet his attitude was such as justified the assumption that Warburton had not been seen. Manifestly, to gain the jetty and capture the boat privily was impossible; the adventure would be one of risks and of conflict. Warburton had to decide if he would be wise to make the attempt. He had a pistol, but there might be more than one watcher; and in any case the affray must raise an alarm. He considered his courses carefully, and resolved to take the risk.

Creeping now within the tamarisks, so that he might not be observed, he went as silently as possible between the bushes, and presently judged that he had reached a spot above the sentinel. Then he dipped down again to the margin of the beach. He peered forth from his ambush, scarce drawing breath, and below him, still prone upon the sand, lay his victim. He had the air of a fisherman, or it might be that he was merely a servant of that house; but from his open fingers dropped a musket, and it appeared that the warm evening and the fresh airs of the seas, together with that silence and solitude, had turned him drowsy. He nodded, hovering between sleep and waking. Warburton leaped swiftly from the tamarisks upon him.

There was a short cry of alarm, followed by a gasp, as Warburton's fingers settled about the man's throat—but he was beyond resistance, and lay quiet, his eyeballs protruding from the sockets, as though in terror, towards his assailant.

"My good fellow, indeed I must trouble you," said Warburton politely. "You shall have no damage of head or limb, but only these finger marks. I war not on such as you, who are put about to make a living, I dare say. You must be bound, friend."

He dragged the man towards the jetty, and discovered there some pieces of rope, with which he secured the fellow's hands and feet. "I have done the same for your master before this," he said, "and, please God, shall do so again, and more also. I forget no favours and no debts."

He stood over the body of his victim, regarding him complacently, and now alive with genial sentiments. At his elbow the Carmichaels' huge boat lapped on the water, chafing gently against the jetty.

"I will make bold to borrow your tub," says he cheerfully. "Twill serve my turn, and you can still lie watching, gun in hand. You shall not have deserted your post, my good man."

Even as the ironical words left his lips he was aware of some change that passed over the man's expression, in the air, and, of a truth, in the very witness of his own senses. The next instant a sharp pain struck into his arm; there was a roar of sound, and he reeled about, his face towards a number of figures that broke out of the passage in the tamarisks. The situation exacted a solution forthwith. Fight or flight were the alternatives urgent upon him. They beset his resolution—the armed men hurrying towards him, and upon the other side the cutter swaying on her heavy chains. Yet neither was possible. He grasped this almost as an instinct, and simultaneously had taken the jetty in a bound, and was over the beach into the dense thicket with the pursuers barking angrily upon his heels.

His strong, fine muscles carried him through the bushes at a good speed, and his weight assisted him. Though four or five were upon his track they had no chance to catch him, at least until he reached the open. The tamarisks gave way to a loose wood, heavily carpeted with creepers and ivies, and this ran up to a considerable height and poured over the brow of an eminence. By the time Warburton had gained the summit he was sure that he had outstripped the pursuit.

"Live to fight another day," he murmured breathlessly, and examined his single weapon carefully. He was not greatly chagrined by the failure of his raid; on the contrary, he dismissed the thought and turned cheerfully to his next duty. He was agreeably hungry, not only from long abstinence, but from the wholesome air, and had no difficulty in deciding what must come next. He must forage on the island, and as he could not hope to break into the house he would try the cave. Clearly, if the schooner were there food and drink also would be there. He struck across the hill in the growing darkness with more confidence but still with care and vigilance. He supposed that his flight up the hill had not been credited, but that they conceived him to have taken the easier way towards the back of the valley. Yet the island was so small that they would soon discover this error and make in a new direction. Night drew down, however, and befriended him once more, and now he found his way but slowly for the lack of a moon. Stars were lit one by one in the heaven, and a host were soon shining out of mild white eyes. Several times he blundered as to his direction, but at last came into the blackness of a wood, which appeared to him to be close upon the entrance to the passages. No sooner was he safe in this refuge than he heard the noise of feet, and hastily hid in the undergrowth. The sounds approached, and the faint glow of the sky discovered to him the tall form of Nicholas Carmichael with a following. If these were they which had chased him by the sea he could not tell, but evidently the hunt was still out. As they filed past, Nicholas Carmichael's voice was raised angrily against some other, cursing arrogantly, and a single word dropped into the listener's ears. It was but one word, and yet it had a significance for him. Nay, it set his brain to think, and his heart to beat, for suddenly there was spread before him the plan and policy of these manhunters. *Cordon* was the phrase spoken in the French jargon of the smugglers. This then was what they proposed. They would run a line of sentinels across Lynsea and beat up the island, slowly and patiently driving him to his doom, till he either died or surrendered to die, or was thrust for refuge into the roaring pools about the Skittles. He stared after the vanished party, and then jumped to his feet.

"Tis well," said he grimly; "they have left the way open. Whence they have come I go;" and began to move fast towards the spot which he had marked in his memory.

He was not long in hitting upon the juniper-bush, and bending low crept into its recesses. This brought him, as he saw, into a thicket of junipers, huddled close together, and here by groping he came presently upon a huge rock. Below this yawned a cavity, very much like a great rabbit hole, worn smooth with the constant passage of bodies. This was the entrance to the smugglers' cavern. Warburton let himself carefully down and found the way slope gradually, and the borrow rise to the height of a man standing. He pressed forward, therefore, with ease and even with celerity, for all the darkness that hung round him. Fifty paces brought him round a turn in this earthen gallery, and before him opened the vast spaces of the internal vault, filled with the murmur of water and glowing with twilight. It was as he had supposed; the gallery gave access to the cave, yet was used only by passengers going to and fro, and not for the transport of goods.

The light which dimly illuminated the cavern streamed from two flaring torches upon the shore, and beyond these rose the graceful figure of the schooner, silent, dispeopled, and riding like a phantom in that light. There was no mark or witness of the presence of man. Yet the schooner had but newly arrived, for the floor of the cave was the theatre of abandoned activity, strewn with barrels and bales in great confusion. Warburton could conjecture how highly his silence was rated, seeing that Nicholas Carmichael had deserted this busy scene with all hands to accomplish his capture. The irony of his presence there pleased him and moved him to a grin. Then he began to move towards the schooner, still watchful and alert. He encountered no one, and presently, relaxing his vigilance, he gave his attention to the merchandise that was scattered over the cave. Most of the bales and barrels had been freshly landed, and stood upon the margin of the sea; but behind these was a great pile of casks reaching almost to the roof of the vault. His hunger and his thirst oppressed him, and urged him to an exploration. It was probable that some one or more of these barrels had been tapped for the convenience of the

smugglers who spent so many difficult and earnest hours of work there, and consequently he bent his steps towards the pyramid casks. They were of many sizes, but offered no evidence as to their contents. Wine he desired, but brandy would content him. He searched vainly for a tap, or cock, in those innumerable kegs. Just as he was giving up in despair, and was proposing examination of the schooner, he noticed that one of the casks haphazard upon a ledge of rock, upon which it had evidently fallen from a tier in the pyramid. The hoops that encased it were bent and broken, and, to his eyes, it seemed that the words bulged and a hole gaped. He went towards it, thinking that he had at last found what he wanted—a vent for the good French liquor, but came to a pause in disappointment. A hole had indeed been riven in the barrel below where the point of rock had taken; but it must be empty. He put a hand upon it to roll it over, but astounded by an unexpected resistance. The cask was not empty. It flashed into his thoughts that it must contain tobacco; and, looking the keg, shaken under his rough hand, moved slightly, a thin black stream of granulated dust poured from the rent in the rock. It was gunpowder.

Warburton stood still for a time after this discovery. It seemed thinking deeper than before. Why was this powder stocked in the cavern? The problem cried for an answer, but received none. He abandoned his search and walked towards the beach where the torches were streaming. He climbed the side of the schooner began to ransack the cabin. Presently he came upon some biscuits and a long bottle of brandy. This last was admitted to the palate, very light and fine, and it filled the head with and spirited fumes. He sat and ate and drank not sparingly, the midst of this task he was disturbed by a fresh sound that came on his ears and set him frowning. It issued from a cabin near, and he promptly made search there. The light was strong enough for him to determine the body of a man lying on the floor among some empty boxes. Warburton stooped over him, and the man breathing told the tale of his condition. Moreover, he recognised the fellow as the man whom Carmichael had addressed in that previous as Ditrán. It was the French captain. He had a look of inspiration.

"Monsieur Ditrán," says he politely, "I will make free of your pockets, if you have no objection. Sure, I am pushed too hard to be particular."

He went over the man's effects carefully, and was not opposed by that drunken creature. Presently he stopped, examined the signature upon a paper, started, and eagerly examined it again. Finally, he turned it over, and scrutinised the superscription.

It was in French, inscribed to Sir Stephen Carmichael, the address was "The Camp, Boulogne," and the signature was "Napoleon."

(To be continued)

## Victims of the War

CAPTAIN C. ERNEST ROSE, of the Royal Horse Guards, was killed at Welkom on the 4th inst. He served on the Indian Frontier under General Symons, and was one of the special service officers in Sierra Leone. He subsequently served in Nigeria, where he was slightly wounded in the action at Sumtai. Captain Rose was attached to the Mounted Infantry of the South Africa Field Force. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Lieutenant Bertram Temple Rose, of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, brother of the above, died of enteric fever on March 30 at Maritzburg. He took part in the Spion Kop operations and the relief of Ladysmith.

Captain Edward Greville Verschoyle, of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, died of wounds received at Thaba N'chu. He joined the Guards in 1885, and obtained his captaincy in 1897. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lieutenant Harry Wallis, of the British South Africa Mounted Police, died of fever at Gaberones on April 21, while serving as Colonel Plumer. Lieutenant Wallis was the youngest son of Major A. B. Wallis, late of the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment. Our portrait is by G. Pendry, Nottingham.

Lieutenant Stanley Reay Theobald, of the 9th Lancers, killed in the recent fighting at Thaba N'chu. He joined his regiment in 1897.

Lieutenant Frank Russell-Brown, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, died of wounds received at Sanna's Post. He joined his regiment in 1892, and had been married three months only before he met death. Our portrait is by Daly and Son, Tralee.

Major Ferdinand George Casson, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, was killed at Reddersburg. He had been nearly fifteen years in the Army, and was thirty-six years of age, having been born on March 5, 1864. He entered the Northumberland Fusiliers in 1885. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Captain Herbert Foster Wentworth Stanley, of the 9th Lancers, died of wounds received at Dewetsdorp. He joined his regiment in 1887 and became captain in 1894.

Captain R. W. Salmon, of the Victorian Mounted Infantry, died of enteric fever at Naauwport, on March 16. Our portrait is by Fraser, Ballarat.

Captain Ernest C. H. Crallan, of Brabant's Horse, was killed at Bird's River, near Dordrecht, on February 16. He was second son of the late Rev. J. E. Crallan, of Hayward's Heath, Sussex, and of Emsworth, Hants, and was born in 1853. He held a commission for some years in the Natal Mounted Police, and served in previous campaigns against the Boers, as well as against the Zulus. For some years he lived at Johannesburg, but soon after the Jameson Raid moved to Alice in Cape Colony, where he filled several useful positions. He was a noted rider and shot. Our portrait is by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.



# The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

CHAMBERLAIN'S speech on moving the Australian Commonwealth Bill will rank among his highest Parliamentary achievements. It was the greater since it was won on a new line of argument. Ordinarily the Colonial Secretary is in combative mood. It is on it behoved him, above all things, to be consistent. He succeeded throughout an effort that lasted nearly two hours. Only once did anything approaching the old Adam show itself. The temptation, it must be admitted, was great. One of the Delegates, writing to the papers, said that to meet the circumstance that the Chief Justices of the Colonies were unanimous in support of the proposition to the Bill, by explaining that each secretly desired to have one of the Lords of Appeal to be created with its acceptance. Very well, said Mr. Chamberlain, that is the men whose right to constitute a Court of Appeal is what you strive for. You are the thing both ways. If the Chief Justices are animated by a solid motive, they are not the class of persons to whom you have committed the final settlement of important questions. It is difficult to move the House of Commons to display interest in Colonial or Indian topics. The Colonies do not often trouble its members. When India takes the floor members leave it. Doubtless owing to the peculiar class of speakers who have made hapless India as their own. What can be done when a less debater takes a Colonial subject in hand was shown by the appearance of the House whilst Mr. Chamberlain was speaking. That was occupied, the side galleries showing that animated interest was familiar only on Budget nights and the like. The most incident of all was the clustering of Colonials in the Gallery. All the Delegates, save one, were present, accompanied by the Agents-General of the Colonies. It really was a group, as representing what Mr. Chamberlain happily called the great island Continent, that the speech was addressed. Of its purport was not new to them. The decision of the Government on the fateful question was communicated long ago in private conference. But if they were disposed to accept the decision and commend it to their fellow-colonists, here was the opportunity in the most attractive and irresistible form.

The second reading is to be taken on Monday, when opposition may be expected to range itself. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, in

the few remarks made by him at the close of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, justly observed that it would have been better to defer debate till the Bill was in the hands of members, and they had enjoyed full opportunity of mastering its details and their bearings. It is the duty of the Opposition to oppose, and Sir Henry promptly fulfilled his by declaring that he and his friends would take no part in forcing the Court of Appeal on Australia. That is all very well. But the declaration is not likely to affect the progress of the Bill. Mr. Chamberlain's strong point was his demonstration of the fact that Australia is by no means unanimous in the matter of limiting appeal to the Privy Council. Of the seven Colonies, three have declared themselves in a contrary sense. The seven Chief Justices, as mentioned, are unanimous in their desire to leave things as they are, with the promise of strengthening the Appellate Court by the addition of Colonial members. The principal organs of the Colonial Press take the same line, and though on the Referendum the popular vote has declared in favour of the Bill, Mr. Chamberlain justly insists that does not necessarily include jealous insistence upon adoption of every line of it.

The serious business of the week has been varied by the appearance of Mr. Sam Smith in protest against what he regards as the unbridled wickedness of the stage. Not that he designed, or was disposed to regard, his interference in a frivolous light. The House will have its fun, being naturally the more insistent at a time when there is very little of spontaneous growth. The idea of the reverend-looking member for Flintshire prowling round the music-halls and theatres in search of nasty things was irresistible, and Mr. Smith was chaffed accordingly. If he had had anything like a case the bottom would have been staved out of it by the assertion, made by Mr. T. P. O'Connor and not contradicted by Mr. Smith, that the Censor and wholesale denouncer of the stage had never in his life been within the walls of a theatre. That is a peculiar position calculated to lessen the weight of his testimony. But Mr. Sam Smith "has heard things," and in his piping, melancholy voice he discoursed upon them to a smiling audience.

That he should have found an opportunity of moving his resolution was one of the surprises of the night. Although the appanage of private members it had been appropriated in advance by Mr. Balfour for further debate on the Housing of the Working Classes Bill. From the time the Speaker took the Chair things went astray. A cluster of private Bills which should have been got out of the way, so that public business might commence at half-past three, held the stage till half-past seven. Thus questions began at the time when members are invariably thinking of going off to dress for dinner. In these circumstances Mr. Balfour passed over the Government measure, and to his breathless surprise Mr. Smith found himself on his legs making his moan about the special iniquity of modern Babylon.

## The Late Lieutenant R. D. Scott

NAVIGATING  
LIEUTENANT R. D.  
SCOTT, of H.M.S.  
*Pheasant*, when on  
duty in Esquimalt  
Dockyard, on the  
night of April 6, was  
shot in mistake by  
a sentry. He was  
twenty-four years of  
age, and youngest son  
of Captain Osmund  
Scott, of Smytham,  
Devon. He had  
served in the *Colossus*  
and *Resolution* on  
the Mediterranean  
Station, and was  
considered a very  
rising officer in the  
Navy. Our por-  
trait is by W. H.  
Puddicombe,  
Bideford.



THE LATE LIEUT. R. D. SCOTT, R.N.  
Who was shot in mistake by a sentry in Esquimalt  
Dockyard

## The Kruger Penny

ALTHOUGH nothing can be bought in the Transvaal under ordinary circumstances for less than a "tickey," or threepence, the President has coined pennies the size of ours from time to time. These coins may occasionally be used among the Boers themselves



as half farthings were at the beginning of the present reign. They are, however, rare in South Africa, and the one which we represent that has found its way to England since war was declared is of particular interest at the present time.



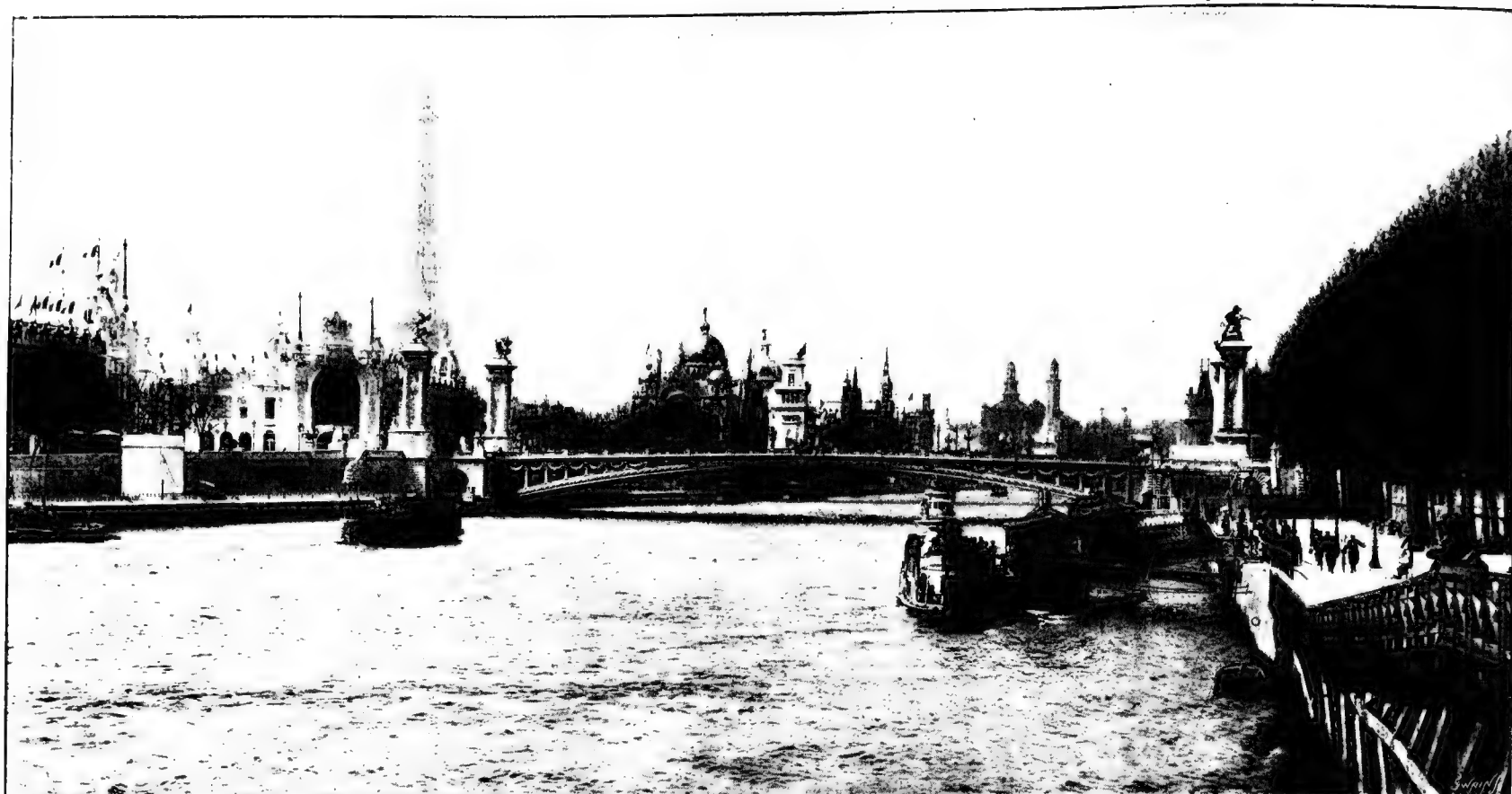
"Whatever is good for Australia is good for the whole British Empire. Therefore, we all of us—irrespective of party whether at home or in any other portion of the Empire—rejoice at this proposal, welcome the new birth of which we are witnesses, and anticipate for these great free and progressive

communities a future even more prosperous than their past, and an honourable and important position in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race."

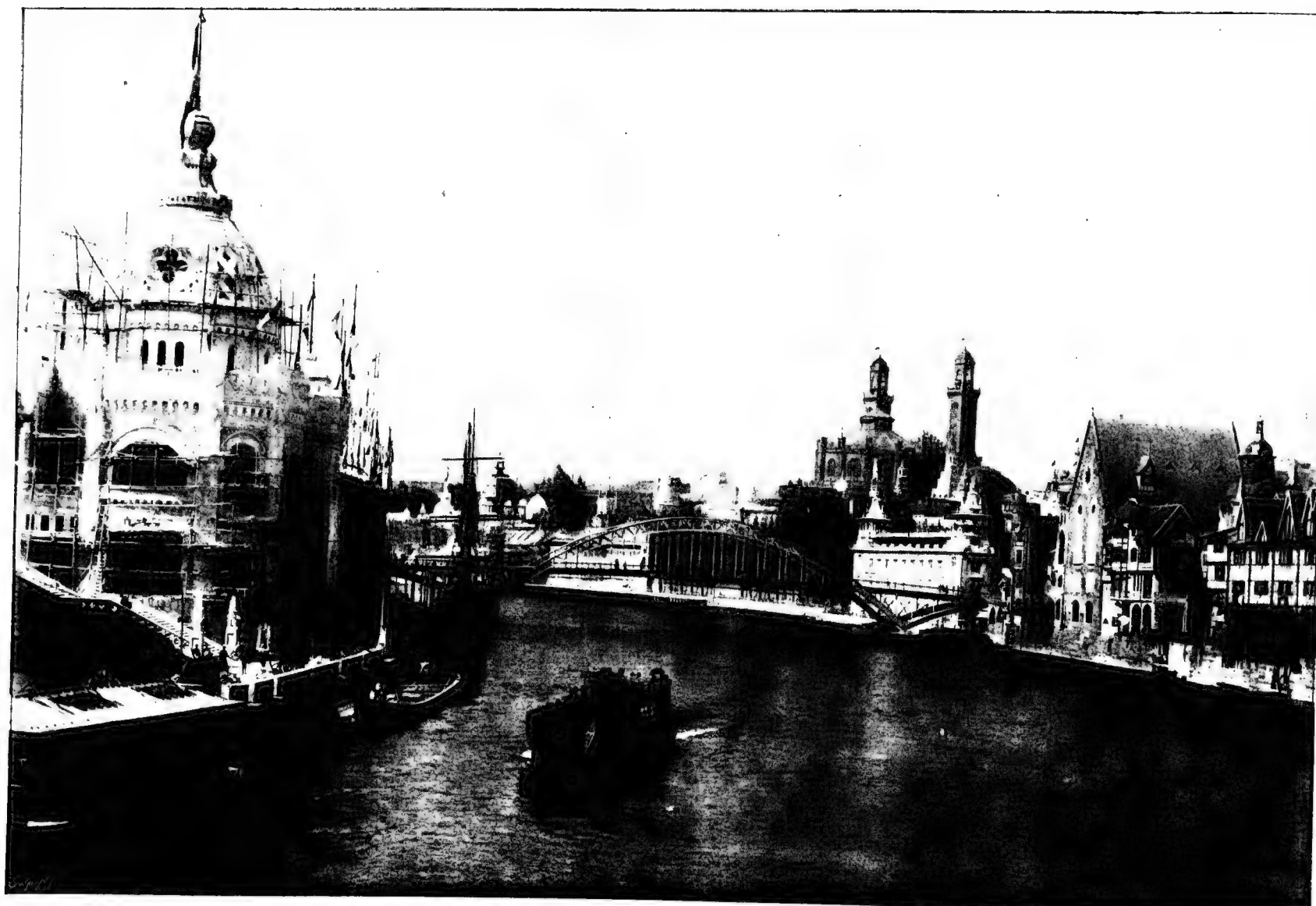
MR. CHAMBERLAIN INTRODUCING THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA BILL

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY SYDNEY P. HALL





THE PONT D'ALEXANDRE III. AND THE RUE DES NATIONS



Pavillon de Mexique

The Trocadero

Old Paris

VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER FROM THE PONT DE L'ALMA

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900

From Photographs by T. R. Dumas et Fils





ROYAL SISTERS: THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE CZARINA AT COPENHAGEN

From a Photograph by Marz Steen, Copenhagen

SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE OPERATIONS ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER, IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE, AND IN NATAL



fox and runs like a hare." That is why none of our men were ever able to intercept the flight of the Boers, or their more slowly moving convoys, one of which, as soon as their mounted men advanced, "was just discovered rising ground in the direction of Senekal." But itself the Boers were unable to take away with them stores of food they had accumulated, including the contents of a captured from Broadwood in the ambush at Sanna's Spruit), and these were accordingly burnt before the evacuated. The residents said that all the worst types of scoundrelism swept through the town and away with the Boers—"a sullen and demoralised rabble." An attempt had been made by a party under Major Hunter-R.E., and Mr. Burnham, the American scout, to destroy several miles north of Kroonstad, but though this was only, as usual, after the last Boer train had passed. The entry of Lord Roberts into Kroonstad was a stirring incident. The officials had met him on the bank of the Valsch River, and handed him the keys of the town in the traditional manner of walled cities, after which his triumphal entry—first the Field-Marshal's Colonial Cavalry, then he himself with his staff and the foreign officers of the North Somerset company of the Imperial Yeomanry, followed by Pole-Carew's Division, including the Naval Brigade, and three field batteries, etc. Lord Roberts and his staff took their stand in the Market Square to see the troops as they marched in after their tramp of seventeen miles. As the Field-Marshal took up his position, the Union Jack flew out from the Court House—hoisted by Mrs. Lockhead, the wife of a Free State Scot—while vociferous cheers rang out. As for the Dutch, they were vastly impressed by the sight of so many splendid troops. One of the prisoners, an Transvaal Artillery, declared that there would be no serious fighting on this side of Pretoria, on the Vaal River, is possible. Heavy guns are being mounted on the Pretoria forts, and Generals Botha and Limmer agree that ultimate success is out of the question, though President Kruger is obstinate in his determination to fight to the last, and the majority of the Transvaalers are with him. It is estimated that they can still muster 30,000 men on the fighting line.

#### Buller's Brilliant Strategy

Generals Kundle and Brabant had meanwhile been making effective progress with their task of securing Lord Roberts's rear and flank by disposing of the Boer commandos in the region between Thaba Nchu and Ladybrand, and making themselves masters of what is called the Boer granary; but it was the region of Ladysmith that formed the scene of greatest interest and development after the advance on Kroonstad. For while Lord Roberts was turning the Boer flanks on the Zand and the Valsch Rivers, Sir Redvers Buller was simultaneously performing the

same very effective service between the Sunday and the Buffalo Rivers in Natal by a series of brilliant operations, which restored to us all the country that was lost to us after General Penn-Symons was mortally wounded in the first battle of the campaign, and General Buller made his masterly retreat from Dundee. Buller has been long in moving, but now that the garrison of beleaguered Ladysmith has had flesh restored to its bones, he has moved with splendid rapidity and effect. But it would almost seem that his long period of supineness was not so much due to himself as to orders from his Chief to do nothing until he was told to—that is to say, to wait and play a simultaneous part in the concerted game of war which should engage and distract the attention of the enemy all along the line. It says much for the Moltke-like mind and ubiquitous vision of the Field-Marshal, that while he himself was engaged in forcing the passage of the Zand River, he was also employed in directing Buller how "to keep the enemy occupied in Biggarsberg"—a chain of mountains facing south at right angles to the Drakensberg. Buller's own conception of the task which had been thus imposed on him—to keep enemy occupied in the Biggarsberg—was to turn him out of it altogether by turning his left flank—a result he brilliantly achieved in the course of five days' operations, during which Lord Dundonald performed the very fine feat of making a one day's march of forty miles with his mounted infantry, "in a waterless country," most of the time riding through the blinding smoke of the dry grass which the retreating Boers had fired to impede the progress of their pursuers. The vigorous Press censorship which had been established by Buller for several days seemed to foreshadow preparations of great importance, and the turning of the Biggarsberg at Helpmakaar, with the consequent re-occupation of Dundee, was the result. Of the 8,000 Boers or thereabouts, left to hold the range of the Biggarsberg, 3,000 were known to have been withdrawn to the Free State, while on the day before Buller entered Dundee 2,500 of them entrained at Glencoe and went north. By this time it is probable that Natal is again completely free of the presence of its invaders.

#### Mafeking

But while the fog of war has thus lifted over the extreme right flank of our advance to Pretoria, it hung thicker than ever over the line of the extreme left, by which General Hunter was pushing up a force for the relief of heroic little Mafeking, where there is now left only food enough to last until "about June 10," according to a cheery telegram from Baden-Powell to Lord Roberts.

#### THE HERO OF MAFEKING

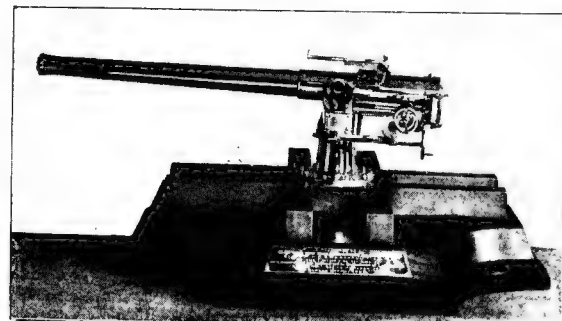
##### Soldier, Sportsman, and Artist

It is only since Lieutenant-Colonel Baden-Powell became the hero of Mafeking, the leader of one of the most gallant defences known in military history, that the public at large have discovered

how great a soldier he is. Many knew, and, of course, to his friends it was quite familiar knowledge, that he was an accomplished artist, an excellent singer and writer, and a first-class sportsman, besides being the best of good comrades at all times. His recently issued book on "Scouting" showed us how keen a military eye is "B.-P.'s," and what a fund of common sense he can bring to bear in matters where regulations and red tape have too extensive sway. No one on reading that little book can help feeling at once that as the defender of Mafeking against the "slim" tricks of the Snymans and Cronjes and other Boer commanders, "B.-P." was most decidedly the man for the place. How keen a sportsman and how clever an artist he is, he has shown on many occasions in his illustrated diaries of sport and adventures in Northern India and elsewhere, and unless his military duties have occupied him to the exclusion of all else, one may confidently anticipate that he will emerge from his seven months' siege with a diary of the investment and an album of those admirable water-colours which he turns out so happily.

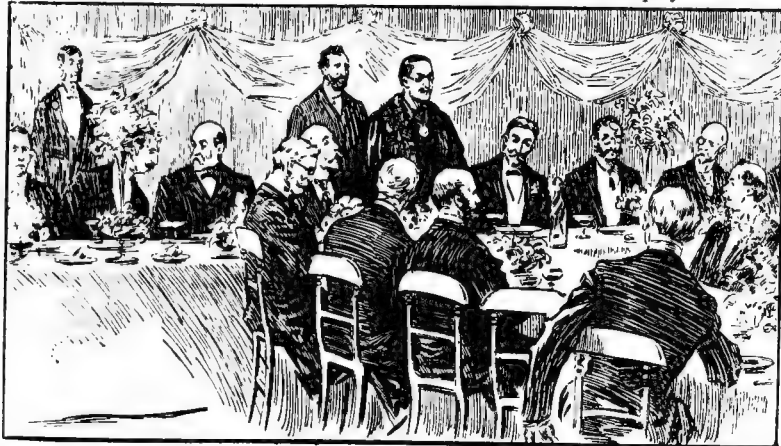
#### Presentation to Captain Lambton

ON the occasion of the visit of Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton to Durham, the county presented him with a perfect model of a 4.7 gun in solid silver, 19 inches in length, with the mountings designed by Captain Percy Scott and used in the defence of Ladysmith. The model stands upon a shaped oak

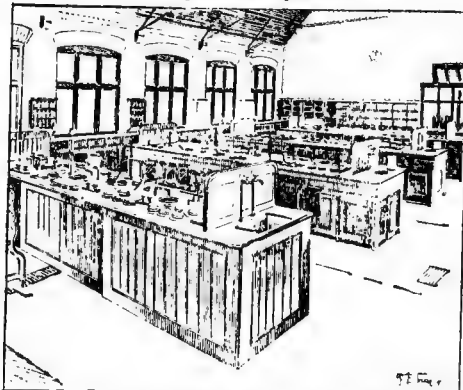


plinth on which a silver plate is attached, engraved with the following inscription:—"Presented to Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, H.M.S. *Towerful*, by the County of Durham, as a memento of his gallant aid in the defence of Ladysmith from November 2, 1899, to March 1, 1900. Durham, May 10, 1900." The gun has been very carefully reproduced in every detail by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., Regent Street, W.

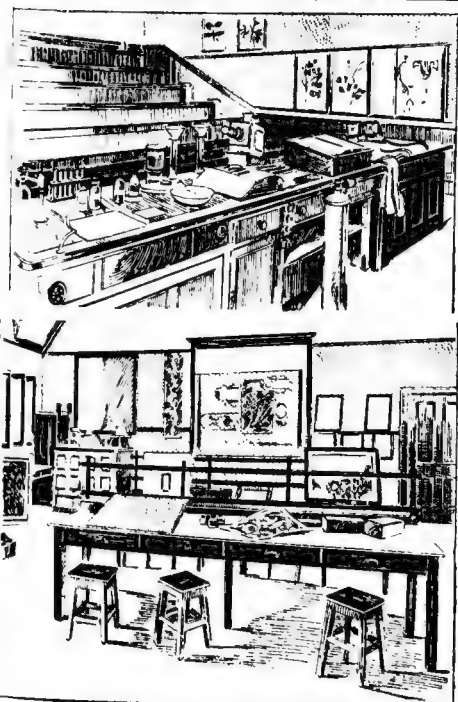
The Luncheon given by the Masters of the Clothworkers' Company



The Experimental Dyehouse



Mr. Alfred C. Cronin  
Master of the Clothworkers'  
Company



The Lecture Room—Dyeing Department  
The Design Studio



BLOCK PLAN

Block Plan of the College with the New Buildings on the left

Two new buildings, extensions to the Clothworkers' Departments of the Yorkshire College, erected by the Clothworkers' Company, were opened last week by Mr. Alfred C. Cronin, the Master of the Company. One of these buildings is for instruction in carding, spinning, and other processes of woollen and worsted yarn manufacture in connection with the Textiles Industries Department of the College; the other

is for research in Colouring Matters and instruction in their practical application in connection with the Dyeing Department. The Company built, equipped, and endowed the Textile Industries Department at a cost of 16,000, in 1879, and the new buildings form another proof of the interest taken by the Company in the trade. The new buildings were designed by Messrs. Alfred Waterhouse and Son.

THE OPENING OF THE EXTENSION OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' DEPARTMENT OF THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS



JOHN L. CHARLTON

The 1st Hussar Division in the attack at Koorn Spruit extricated themselves into the drift and had been quietly captured, U Battery R.H.A. followed, a surrender, but Major Taylor, commanding the battery, managed to slip away and

## THE AMBUSH AT KOORN SPRUIT



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

wing. The drivers whipped round their teams and dashed off. The Boers ensued. The drivers of one gun were shot, and the horses stampeded wildly into the drift. The drivers of another gun were shot, and the horses stampeded wildly into the drift. The drivers of another gun were shot, and the horses stampeded wildly into the drift.

## GUN TEAM RUNNING AMOK



## Our Portraits

**SIR ROBERT BANNATYNE FINLAY**, Solicitor-General, who now becomes Attorney-General, was born on July 11, 1812. Educated at Edinburgh University, he studied medicine and took a doctor's degree. Two years later, however, he abandoned medicine for the law, and in 1867 was called to the English Bar, going the South-Eastern Circuit. He was made a Q.C. in 1882, became M.P. for Inverness Burghs, first as a Liberal and afterwards as a Liberal Unionist, and was knighted and appointed Solicitor-General on the accession of the present Government. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

**Mr. Edward Carson, Q.C.**, the new Solicitor-General, is only in his forty sixth year. He is a son of the late Mr. Edward H. Carson, a Dublin civil engineer, sometime vice-president of the Institute of Irish Architects, and is an M.A. of Dublin University. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1877, became a Q.C. in 1889, Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1892, and four years later an Irish Privy Councillor. He has represented Dublin University in the Commons since 1892, and his acceptance of office will necessitate his offering himself for re-election. Our portrait is by Phillips, Belfast.

**Sir Nathaniel Lindley**, who succeeds Lord Morris as a Lord of Appeal, has only been Master of the Rolls since 1897, but he caused it to be known when he succeeded Lord Esher that he would not occupy the post more than two or three years.



**MR. CARSON, Q.C., M.P.**  
Appointed Solicitor-General



**SIR ROBERT FINLAY, Q.C., M.P.**  
Solicitor-General, appointed Attorney-General

**Sir Richard Webster**, the new Master of the Rolls, who will be raised to the peerage, was born in 1842, and has represented the Isle of Wight for nearly fifteen years. He had a brilliant career at the Bar, was appointed Attorney-General in 1885, reappointed in 1886, and again in 1895, and has held the office to the present time. He represented the Government at the Behring Sea Arbitration in 1892, and again at the Venezuela Arbitration in Paris recently. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

significant fact that the Italian drama in her repertory will be represented simply by Gabriele d'Annunzio's play, which is a manifest attempt to walk in the way of Dr. Ibsen and his school.

### "KENYON'S WIDOW"

Happily there are signs that the playgoing public is getting a little tired of the unprincipled Society lady who is supposed to redeem her misdeeds, together with her general laxity of morals, by some casual displays of generous feeling. Mrs. Langtry, with the aid of artistic modistes of the Rue de la Paix, contrived to make her tolerably acceptable in Mr. Sydney Granville's play, *The Degenerates*; but even the yet finer dress worn by Miss Janette Steer, not to speak of her excellent acting, failed to secure for Mr. Charles Brookfield's play at the COMEDY Theatre on Saturday evening a very cordial reception. *Kenyon's Widow* is true, was not a conspicuous failure; the applause it elicited was certainly sufficient to overpower the sounds less pleasing to the managerial ear; but it was more than one point in the progress of its three acts when the unreality of what was passing on the stage manifestly engendered a feeling of weariness, and it pressed any desire to see the author. Miss Steer played the part of the widow with a sincerity, and at times with a display of power, which, under happier conditions, would have left a deep impression. Mr. Charles Cartwright plays a money-lender with a suggestion of cool craft which is not quite borne out by

the part of the widow with a sincerity, and at times with a display of power, which, under happier conditions, would have left a deep impression. Mr. Charles Cartwright plays a money-lender with a suggestion of cool craft which is not quite borne out by

## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

### THE SIGNORA DUSE'S PERFORMANCES

THE prolonged absence of the Signora Duse from the London stage has evidently not weakened the hold of the great Italian actress upon the affections of English playgoers. Her Magda in Sudermann's drama, which was chosen for the opening night of her present season, had not the charm of novelty, but the theatre was, nevertheless, crowded, and our visitor had certainly no reason to complain of the welcome accorded to her by a sympathetic audience. Her Paula Tanqueray, in the version of Mr. Pinero's famous play, which was given on Saturday evening last, naturally excited a livelier interest, but though it brought into play some of the subtlest and most powerful qualities of her acting, the result was, on the whole, a little disappointing. This was no doubt due in part to the tampering of the Italian translator with the text of the play, and particularly to the suppression of much of that minute portrayal of Mrs. Tanqueray's surroundings by which Mr. Pinero has so skillfully contrived to support the stern moral of his play. The Signora Duse's Paula affords a fine study of power to move an audience deeply without exaggeration or stage artifice of any kind; but the spectator is not so much impressed with the inevitableness of the final result of Aubrey Tanqueray's second matrimonial venture as he is moved to compassion for Paula's unhappy fate. Since then Signora Duse has appeared in her original part of the sculptor's wife, Silvia Settala, in her countryman Gabriele d'Annunzio's play *Gioconda*—a performance of great subtlety and power in spite of the oppressively lugubrious tone of the play. From the programme of her engagements as far as it is published, it does not appear that our visitor proposes on this occasion to repeat her delightfully bright and vivacious performance in Goldoni's little comedy, *La Locandiera*. If not, it will be a



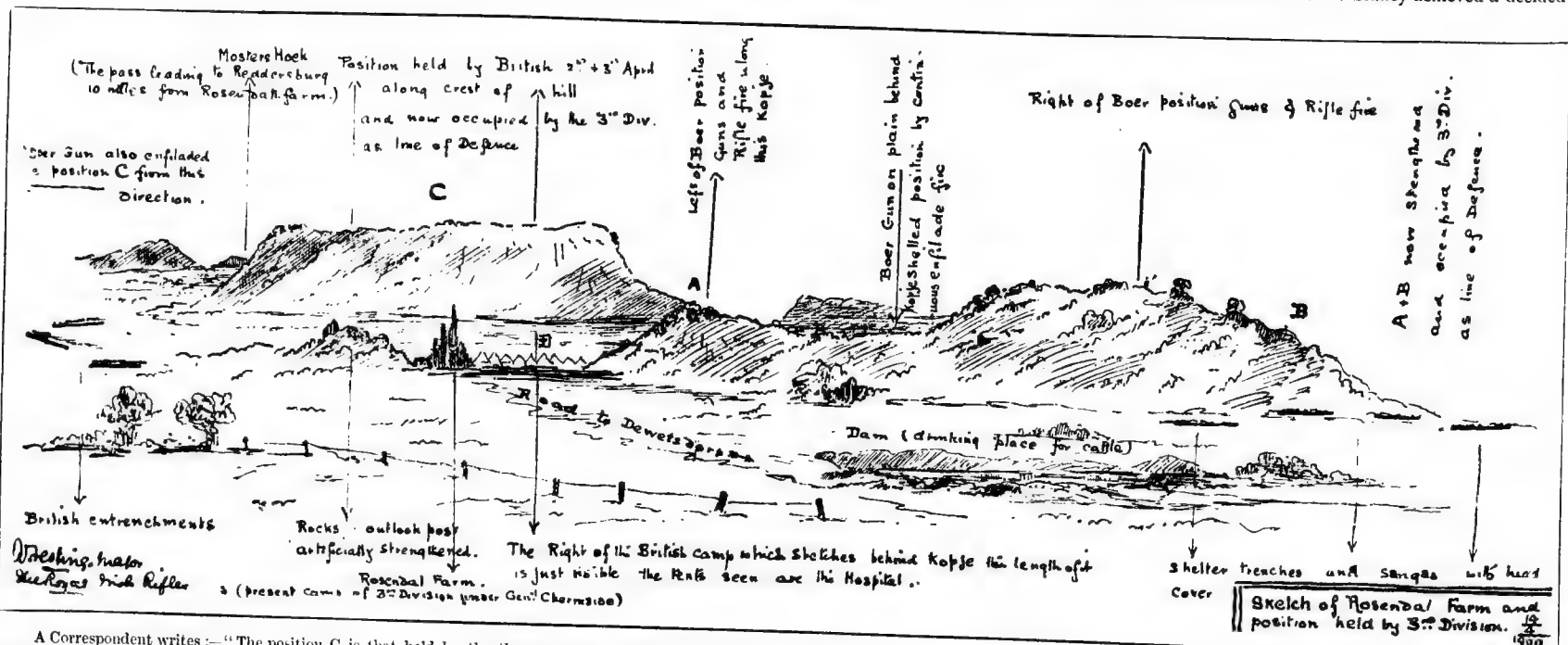
**SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P.**  
Late Attorney-General, who has been appointed Master of the Rolls



**SIR NATHANIEL LINDLEY**  
The retiring Master of the Rolls, who has been made new Lord of Appeal

On Saturday he will have completed twenty-five years' invaluable work on the Bench. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

childishly fraudulent schemes, and Miss Edith Ostlere was acceptable in the *ingenue* part of *May Acland*. As a quietly cynical American detective Mr. F. W. Sidney achieved a decided success

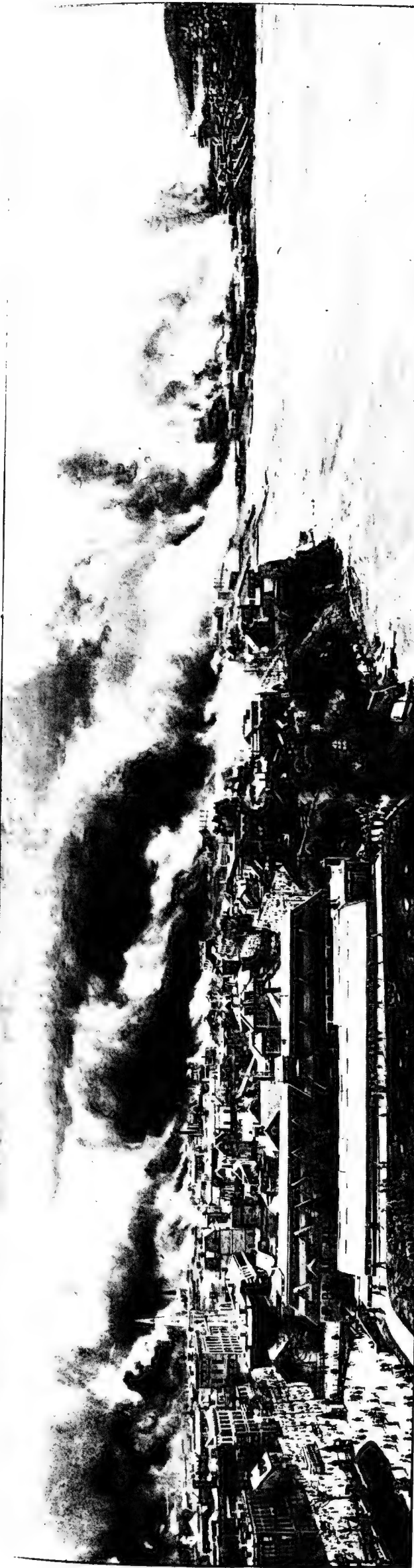


A Correspondent writes:—"The position C is that held by the three companies of the Royal Irish Rifles, who were cut off when proceeding from Dewetsdorp to Bethany via Reddersburg. On April 2 the company of the Northumberland Fusiliers and Captain Casson, and one of the Royal Irish Rifles under Captain Dinsdale, were cut off from Reddersburg just as they were about to enter the pass at Moters Hoek. Captain MacWhinnie, who had no artillery, took up the best possible position, C, and held it against artillery fire of five guns from 9 a.m. on the 2nd until nearly noon of the 3rd. The chief Boer position was A B, this kopje being about 2,000 yards from C, and about 300 ft. to 500 ft. below it

The position C was also enfiladed from both flanks. On April 19 General Chermisee marched the 3rd Division through Moters Hoek from Reddersburg, and camped on the plain between C and A B. A B and C have been artificially strengthened and Cossack posts on all sides, from one to three miles, protect reconnoitring to the front and flanks, whilst communication is held with General Rundle at Reddersburg, and thence to the railway at Bethany. The sketch represents Rosendal Farm, and the position occupied by the three companies of R. I. Rifles during the action at Moters Hoek as seen from the S.W."

ROSENDAL FARM, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 3RD DIVISION, SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE

Chaudiere Falls



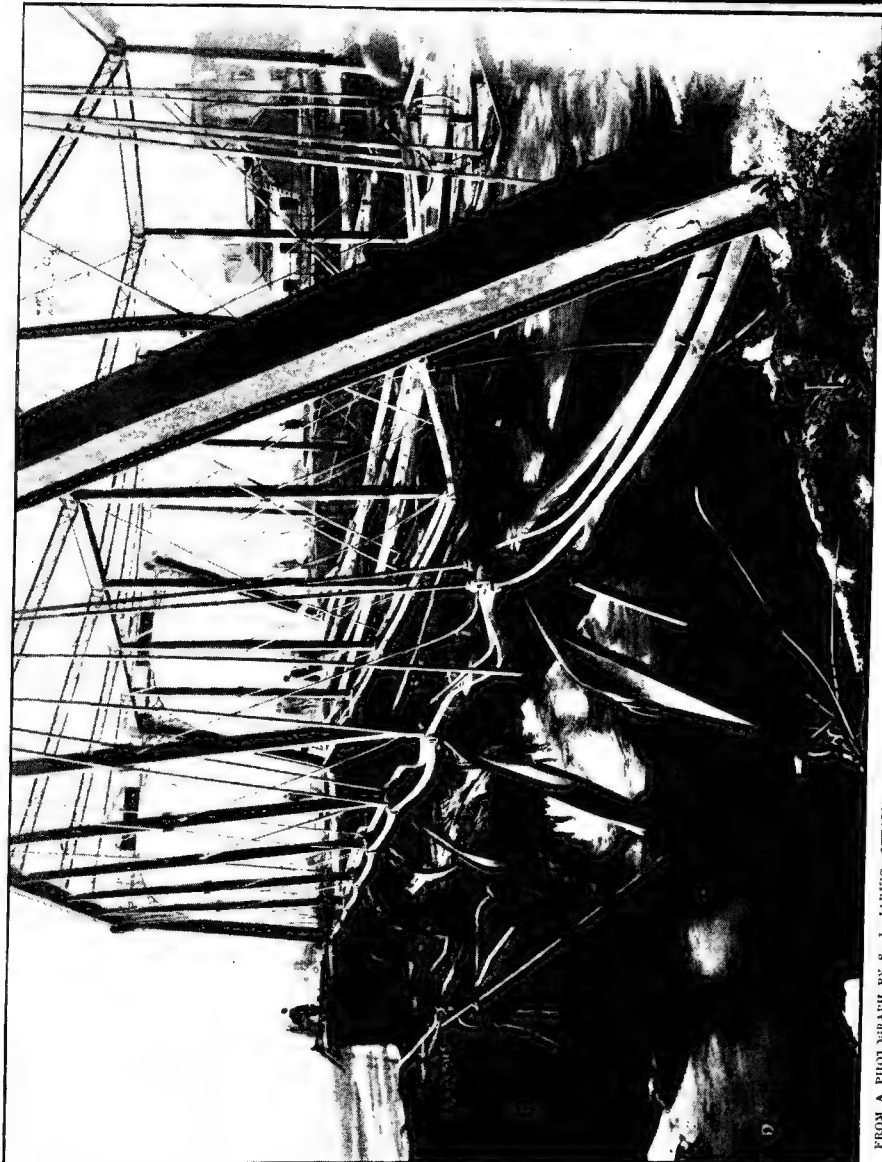
Wellington Street

The Supreme Court

PANORAMA OF THE FIRE TAKEN AT 3 P.M. FROM THE ROOF OF THE WESTERN BLOCK, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

Where the fire originated

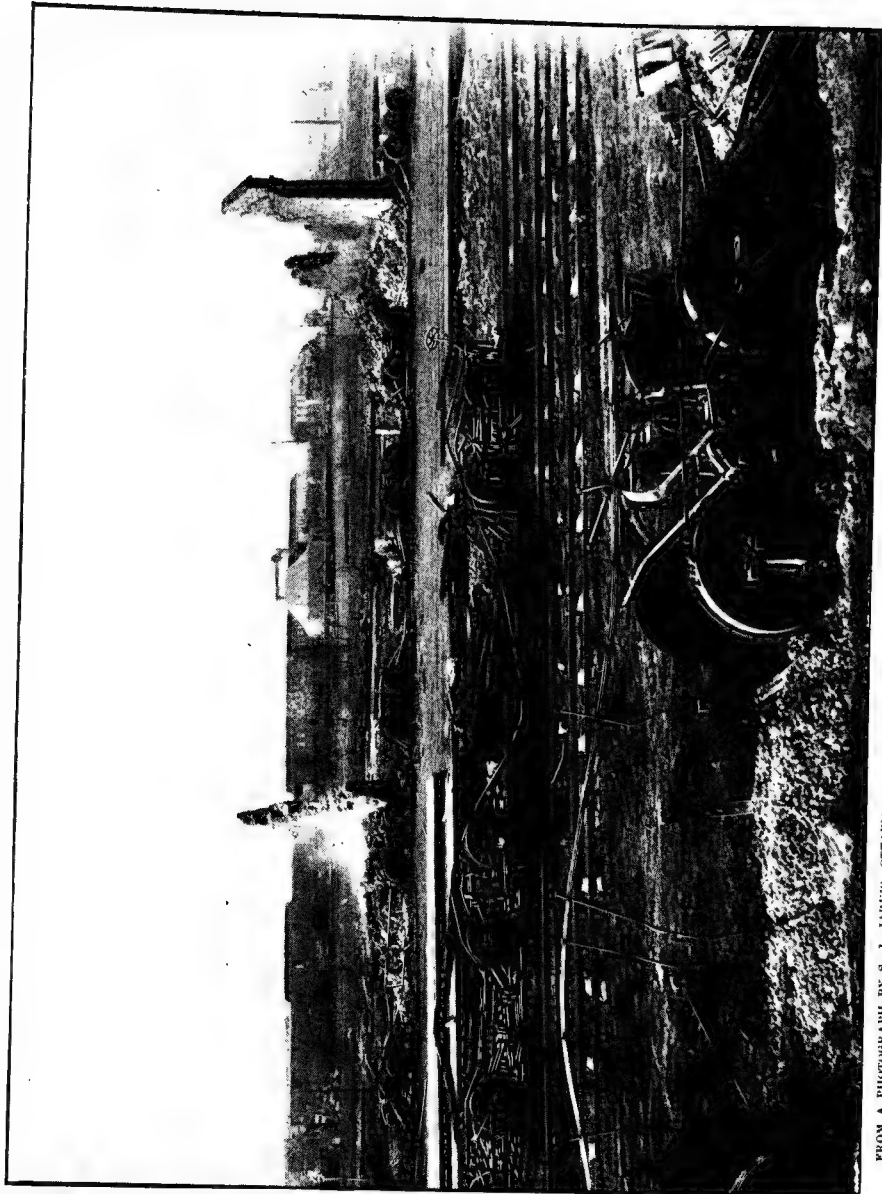
From a Photograph by Captain A. E. Faunt, R.E.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. J. JARVIS, OTTAWA

THE RUINS OF ONE OF THE BRIDGES BETWEEN HULL AND OTTAWA

A fire broke out in the city of Hull at eleven o'clock on the morning of April 26, and fanned by a high wind it made a clean sweep of the town, destroying the public buildings, shops, and lumber and paper mills. It then spread to the Ottawa River into Ottawa at the Chaudiere Bridge, and the Union Depot of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company caught fire. The whole of the Chaudiere district was destroyed, as well as the bridge. Dalhousie Ward, west of



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. J. JARVIS, OTTAWA

THE SITE OF THE UNION DEPOT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

were made homeless and 10,000 destitute, 2,400 buildings were burnt down, and the damage to property is estimated at 20,000,000 dollars. It is said that but for the wind changing from the north-east to the east the whole city of Ottawa would have been destroyed.

THE GREAT FIRE AT OTTAWA, APRIL 26



## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

LORD ABINGER himself is at the war, but his sister, Miss Ella Scarlett, who, after receiving a thorough musical education in Germany, finally turned her attention to the medical profession, has just completed her studies and started as a full-fledged M.D. for Seoul, the capital of Corea. Both in India and other Oriental countries the demand for women doctors is great and invariable. In their hands lies an enormous power for good or evil, and the development and mental education of native women lies largely in their capable hands. Miss Scarlett is very clever, and as the first recruit to medicine from the ranks of the aristocracy, deserves the fullest commendation and success.

Miss Clara Butt, in her finest voice, and accompanied by her fiancé, stole a day from her professional duties to give a concert in Paris for the benefit of a poor and deserving institution—the British and American Orphanage in Paris. The kindly charity of artists is proverbial, and in this case, at least, has met with the happiest results. Every year Miss Butt gives a concert for the good cause, and every year it is well attended by the British Ambassador and all the little English colony in Paris. On this occasion the receipts amounted to 180/.

After the scathing words of Mr. Treves and the warnings of Sir Alfred Milner, one is glad to turn to the contemplation of woman's unselfishness and courage. Sister Theresa, one of the nurses at the Lady-smith camp, has succumbed to dysentery, after performing some of the hardest and most heroic nursing work of the campaign, while Colonel Baden-Powell, than whom there could be no better judge, includes in his message to Lord Roberts, the following telling sentence: "The devotion of the women is remarkable." Cheering words these, words of hope and comfort which enable one to thrill with pride for one's sex, and to realise that woman's patience, splendid courage, enthusiasm, stoicism and self-sacrifice, are indeed the qualities that elevate her position and stamp a memorable record of her deeds in the history of the world.

This is the season for the Horticultural Society's shows, which are beginning all over the country.

It is not surprising that even blossoms should be tinctured with the universal patriotism that pervades the community. Thus we find a scarlet carnation christened "Lord Roberts," another of a yellow tint called "Khaki," besides the ever popular "Soldier of the Queen," and the "Royal Sovereign" strawberry, which certainly would not taste so sweet by any other name. Mr. Leopold Rothschild's lilac orchids were very lovely, and deservedly rewarded with a gold medal, while Irish-grown tulips blossomed in splendid and daring magnificence.

The sums subscribed for the Scottish Base Hospital in Africa, for which the Duchess of Montrose has laboured incessantly, have already reached a total of 47,000/., entirely collected from Scotch people. One section has already started, and two others follow in the course of this month. There is enough money to support 300 beds for six months—not a bad record for Scotland. The Duke of Montrose, who is colonel of the Argyll and Sutherland Highland

Militia, has been given the command of three other regiments, and will be stationed at Ballyshannon, on the coast of Donegal, in Ireland, for the next six months. Lord Bathurst has gone to St. Helena on military duty, and many other peers are employed similarly.

I wonder when English people will learn the secret of comfortable beds. In all country inns, at all seaside lodgings, even in well-appointed country houses, the beds are atrocious, hard, lumpy, and with a painful depression in the middle. People complain and pass bad nights, but do nothing to rectify the discomfort. Sometimes a landlady will say, "but it is a spring bed, so it must be comfortable!" It is not the spring but the mattress which is at fault, and the fault can be so easily remedied. For a few shillings any upholsterer will re-make a mattress, and it is well within the power of the ordinary housemaid, by the aid of a small instrument called a teaser, to keep the bed always in good condition. In France and Germany re-making mattresses forms a part of the regular spring cleaning, but



Semi-fitting paletot in thin *jeu de soie*, trimmed with jet ornaments mounted on white satin. High collar with a lace jabot flowing down the front of the paletot and outlining the hem.  
SUMMER PALETOT

in England the task is rarely, if ever, undertaken. From year's end to year's end the mattress remains untouched, and the comfort of the guests thereby considerably decreased. I would have every lady sleep in all the beds of her house in turn, and the hotel-keeper mulcted of some of his profits where he does not provide a good bed. Sound sleep is far more necessary to the wearied traveller than even a good dinner.

The Kermess Fair on the Pincian Hill at Rome has proved a great success. The Queen of Italy honoured it with her presence, and took the greatest interest in everything, especially the troupe of Neapolitan singers and dancers who performed the famous tarantelle, one of the most difficult and picturesque of dances. Lady Currie, the British Ambassador, presided at a tea-table under a richly decorated Indian tent. The fair hostess contributed three of her most dainty little poems to the fund. The subjects dealt with were her garden and her dogs, beautiful little Chinese spaniels, or sleeve dogs, from the Palace of Peking.

## Books on Sport

WE have nothing but praise for the first two volumes of the "Sports Library" (Unwin). The idea of the editor, Mr. Howard Spicer, is "that the books should be written by sportsmen of the younger generation in thorough sympathy with the needs of the younger athletes' twentieth-century ideas." And remarkably well have "the younger generation of sportsmen" carried out the part of the programme. The first volume, on "Riding, Driving, and Kindred Sports," is by Mr. T. F. Dale, M.A., a writer well known to the readers of *Land and Water*, the *Field*, and the *Badminton Magazine*. The second volume deals with Rugby and Association football, hockey and lacrosse, four important branches of sport which are ably treated, respectively by Mr. Bertie Fegan, the Blackhead International, and Kent County player; Mr. Tinsley Lindley, an old Cambridge blue, who has been more than once, as captain for England; Mr. Battersby, also known in the hockey world as the author of a book on the game,

who is now fighting the country's battles in South Africa; and Mr. J. Tsard, the vice-president of the South of England Lacrosse Association.

In "Pink and Scarlet" (Heinemann) Lieutenant Colonel E. A. Alderson points out what an affinity there is between hunting and soldiering, and how advantageous is for an officer to be a good man across country. The author has had experience both of hunting and of war (in fact, at present time he is engaged in "wiping something of a slate" in South Africa), and he has noticed how they dovetail one into the other, and also that a hunting man is already half-made soldier. The object of this work is to assist the young soldier in regards his hunting, and to show him how he can make it the very best of instructors in his profession. He quotes Sir Evelyn Wood and others to prove that our officers, by being able to hunt in peace time, have enormous advantages over those of other nations. Although this volume is written for the benefit of military men, it will be found of great value to civilians, more especially to those who are fortunate enough to be able to hunt. Every detail respecting the horse and its rider is commented upon by the writer; he tells his reader exactly what should be done and how to do it, from how to dress to meet of different kind down to saddling a horse in the correct way and opening a field gate in the easiest manner. The book contains a number of instructive illustrations showing good and a bad seat, the right and the wrong way to saddle and to bridle a horse, and many other of the same character.

Another book on hunting, but one altogether of a different stamp to the last, is "The Sport of Kings" (Richards), by W. Scarth Dixon. It consists of a number of well-written articles, many of which have already seen the light in the pages of a sporting contemporary. The author has rearranged and added to them, so that they describe a

hunting man's year, beginning with "Puppy-Walking," "Training the Hunter," "Cub-Hunting" and so on right through the season, and beyond. Mr. Dixon is a good sportsman, and thoroughly understands what he is writing about. The many hints he gives and suggestions he makes will be found of value even by the most experienced hunting men, whilst novices will benefit themselves—and very likely others—by perusing such chapters as "A Few Hints," "Two or Three Points of Etiquette."

Among books on rowing, we have received "The Story of the Inter-University Boat Race," by Wadham Peacock (Richards). It gives a short account of how the race was founded and of each year's struggle for victory, and tells of the subsequent performances of members of the crews. "Oxford Rowing" by the Rev. W. F. Sherwood, M.A., is a more ambitious undertaking, and contains not only the history of Oxford boating, and boating clubs, but long lists of all the races in which Oxford has ever been interested, the names of all the committee men of the O.U.B.C. since 1839, and an index of all the rowing men of the University.





## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

ON November 9, 1901, the Prince of Wales will be sixty years of age, and he will have held the title of Prince of Wales longer than has any other Heir Apparent to the British Throne. There are many who hope that the occasion will be seized to make a public demonstration in honour of His Royal Highness. This might take an official form, and might become, in a modified manner, a reproduction of the Jubilee celebrations of some years back. It is well that the question should be raised even at so early a date as this, for it gives time for the public mind to form and express an opinion as regards the matter.

Never since Her Majesty ascended the Throne will so many titles and rewards have been distributed in a twelvemonth as will be between this and a year hence. At the close of the war a large number of honours of various kinds will be showered upon those who have had a hand in securing the success of the campaign. Several rewards will also be bestowed in connection with the French Exhibition, and titles will be conferred on the completion of the Australian Federation scheme. The Indian famine and plague will also bring within the zone of distinction those who have prominently assisted in the work of relief. The impending Dis-solution will provide a list, more or less long, of supporters of the Administration who have claims which must be recognised. When the new Government is formed the then Premier will be compelled to confer titles on disappointed aspirants to office. Besides these



The remains of the late Duke of Argyll were on Friday last week transferred to the family burial ground at Kilninn, after a service in the parish church of Inverary. A few minutes after half-past one the procession was formed. The coffin was carried shoulder high by workmen on the estate. A detachment of the 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders formed the escort. The mourners included Lady Victoria Campbell, Lord Archibald Campbell, and his son, Lord Campbell, the Earl of Kintore, representing the Queen, Lord Colville of Culross, representing the Prince of Wales, Lord Breadalbane and Sir Duncan Campbell. The procession was headed by the pipe bands, playing "The Lament." After the service in the church, the coffin was placed on the funeral car, draped with the Campbell tartan, and removed to Kilninn, where it was placed in the family vault.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL: THE PROCESSION LEAVING INVERARY CASTLE

DRAWN BY J. A. FAULDS

occasions for distributing titles and distinctions there are the annually recurrent "Honorary Lists," which are published when the Queen's birthday is celebrated and on New Year's Day. It is calculated that, whether the form of peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods, alphabetical distinctions of many sorts, and the promotions, fully five hundred people will have their services acknowledged between this and the corresponding date of 1900.

It is certain that the Medical profession will not be overlooked for the medical department in front has been especially efficient. Sir William MacCormac and Freves — to name only amongst many — will assuredly have their splendid services in the field suitably recognised. Medals will be awarded to those who have followed the forces in South Africa, and it is hoped that one or two of the ladies connected with the nursing service will receive some such high reward. It was conferred upon Miss B. Coutts, who was created Baroness in recognition of many benefactions to charity and public institutions.

There is such a thing as official diplomacy, and that within the province of all mortals. The recent visit of Her Majesty to Dublin has made a deep impression upon the people, and that impression would be largely increased were British tourists to visit Ireland in numbers this summer. At all times it is to be regretted that so much British money is spent by visitors from England on the Continent, but this year there are special reasons for urging holiday-makers to distribute their money in their own country. The war has affected injuriously many, and there are those who could recompense themselves were British tourists to decide to take their holidays at home instead of abroad.

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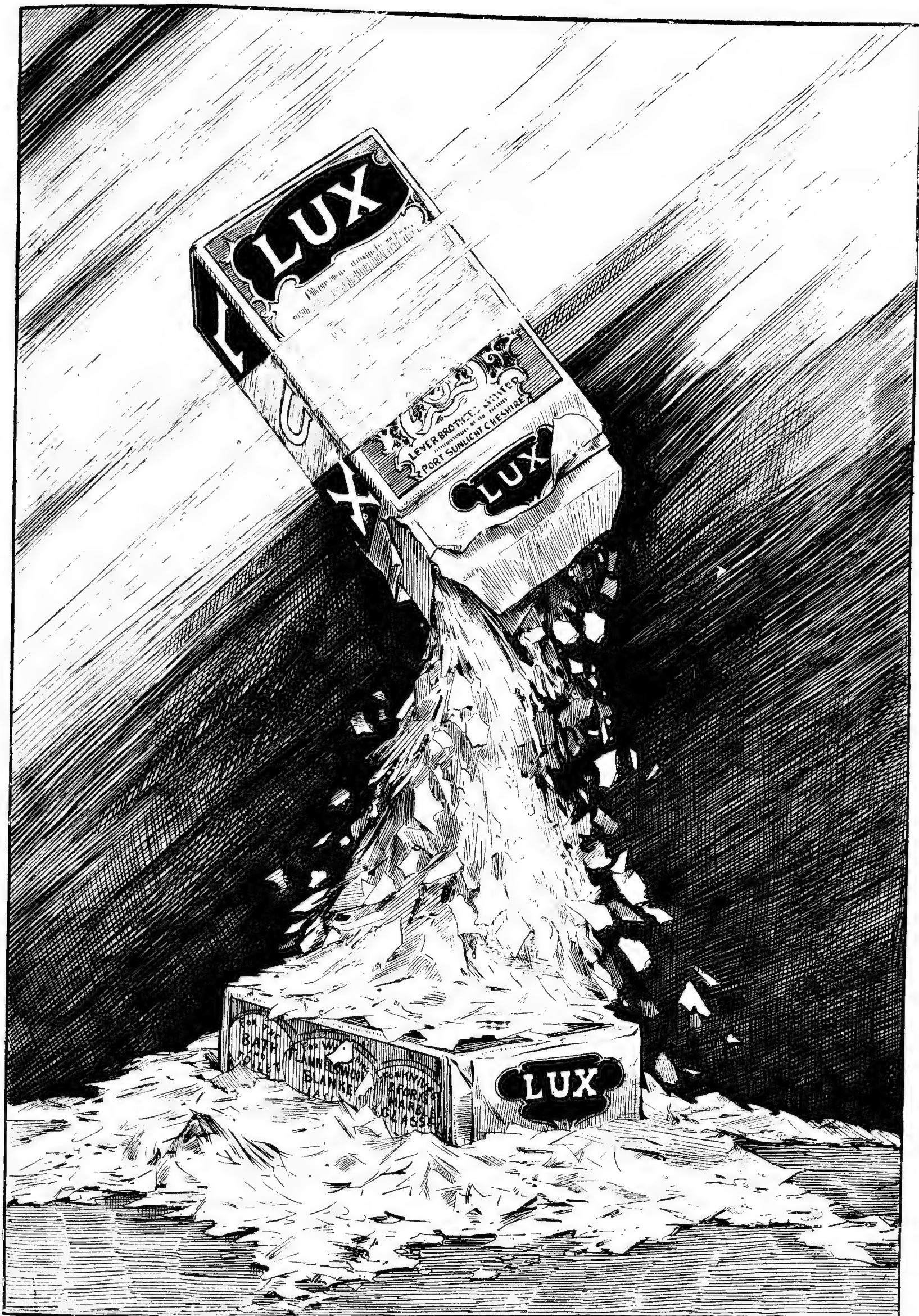
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## The Uganda Railway

By HAROLD COX

THE additional sum of nearly 2,000,000*l.* which Parliament has been asked to vote for the Uganda Railway has once more brought this East African line prominently before the British public. It must be admitted that an increase of 2,000,000*l.* on an original estimate of 3,000,000*l.* is a serious matter, but the explanation put forward by the officials in charge of the construction fairly justifies the fresh demand. The original survey was necessarily made under very great difficulties, because much of the country was quite unexplored, and a very large part altogether waterless. Accurate estimating under such conditions could hardly be expected. Moreover, as the line progressed the Government began to realise that if the railway was worth building at all it was worth building well, so as to avoid a constantly recurring expense for repairs. An examination of the revised estimate shows that both in the matter of ballasting and of bridging the expenditure is very greatly increased. The more liberal allowance of ballast is wanted to prevent the earthwork being washed away by the heavy rains, and in the same way wider bridges are necessary to span watercourses which are dry at one season and at another season are broad torrents. Another increased item is for additional railway stations. When Major Macdonald made the original survey for the line seven years ago, there was no anticipation of any important local traffic. The only object in view was to get some kind of line through to the Great Lake as quickly as possible. Experience has, however, shown that the natives of the country and Arab merchants from the coast fully appreciate the advantages of railway travelling, and already a considerable traffic has sprung up on the portion of the line that has been completed. In the half-year ending June 30, 1899, when about 280 miles were open for traffic, the amount received by the railway in third-class fares from the public was a trifle over 6,000*l.* The local goods traffic during the same period was 12,000*l.* It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that as the country becomes more settled, population will gather along the line of the railway in the healthy uplands, and a fairly brisk traffic with the coast on the one hand and the Lake on the other will spring up.

Quite apart, however, from this commercial traffic, which may possibly in time produce a handsome revenue, the railway is of immense value for the service it renders in carrying Government

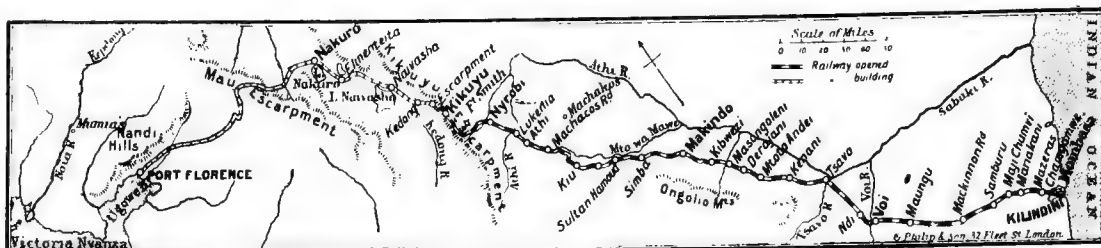
stores. In fact, unless we were prepared to abandon Uganda altogether the railway was inevitable. Not only was the expense of getting stores to Uganda by human portage terrific, but the time taken meant a delay which, in many contingencies, would, from a military point of view, have been fatal. Carriage by the railway over the sections already constructed costs about 2*½**d.* per ton per mile, and takes a few hours; human portage costs about 7*s.* 4*d.* per ton per mile, and took about six weeks. Up to the end of 1899 the railway carried for the Protectorate Government 4,900 tons of stores at a cost of 39,000*l.* If these stores had been carried by porters the cost would have been 294,000*l.* There is at once a saving of more than a quarter of a million pounds to be set off against the cost of the railway.

It is not, however, possible to look at the question of human portage solely from the point of view of cost and rapidity. It does not need a very keenly imaginative mind to realise the hideous suffering involved in the conveyance of heavy goods 600 miles on the shoulders or heads of human beings. The men engaged in this work—although the fact was generally disguised by travellers—were in reality slaves. They started from a coast

impatience has been expressed by people who remember the marvellously rapid rate at which General Kitchener constructed the Sudan Railway. But the conditions are totally different. The Sudan line was laid over a virtually level plain. There was extremely little earthwork and practically no bridging. The Uganda Railway, on the other hand, traverses about as difficult a country as a railway has ever pierced. In the earlier sections of the line the surface of the ground is intersected with deep fissures which have to be bridged and yet the water supply is non-existent. For nearly 200 miles the trains have to carry their own water, and water for the coolies and for the permanent railway staff. When this belt is crossed the mountains begin, and the line has to wind its way up to a height of 8,000 feet above the sea-level. From that height there is a steep descent known as the Kikuyu escarpment leading down into the Great Rift. The drift itself is fifty miles across, and consists of broken and hilly ground. On the other side there is an equally steep ascent known as the Mau escarpment. When that has been surmounted there is a gradual descent of 4,000 feet to the shores of Lake Victoria. It is impossible that a railway across such country can be constructed either rapidly or cheaply, even if all the arrangements proceed like clockwork. As a matter of fact, however, the

constructors of the railway have been troubled with labour difficulties both in Africa and in England. The local labour, which they had to obtain at 4*d.* a day, has been forthcoming at any price. It has been necessary to import 16,000 coolies from India, whom the cost per man worked out to 1*s.* 2*d.* a day. In England the engineering staff seriously delayed the delivery of material.

There appears, therefore, to be no serious ground for the criticism made in the House of Commons against the engineering staff. That staff is carrying out a difficult piece of work with reasonable rapidity and with reasonable economy. Already trains are running for 363 miles, connecting the tropical port and island of Mombasa with the healthy plateau of Kikuyu, where English vegetables and fruits grow in profusion and English babies thrive. Another 220 miles remains to complete the line to the Lake, and this section is not likely to be finished much under two years. By that time the public will probably begin to realise what a great task has been achieved. Lake Victoria is a huge inland sea, as large as the whole of Scotland. It is surrounded by populous and fertile countries, but there is absolutely no outlet from it. The Nile, that carries off the surplus water of the Lake, is blocked to navigation by rapids. Other great channels there is none. This inland sea lies alone, cut off from the ocean highways of the world by great ranges of mountains and waterless deserts. The so-called Uganda Railway will, for the first time in the history of mankind, bring sea and ocean into touch.



MAP OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY, SHOWING THE COMPLETED SECTION AND THE PORTION UNDER CONSTRUCTION

bathed in moist, tropical heat. Their first task was a forced march across a waterless desert. Next they had to thread their way through miles of thick jungle; then to toil over mountain passes 3,000 feet higher than any summit in the British Isles, and clad in thin cotton had to sleep without shelter through the bitterly cold nights; then came the long descent through fever-haunted jungles to the Great Lake. Is it surprising that many of the men who started on this terrible six months' journey to Uganda and back never saw their homes again, and that the pace of the caravan could only be kept up by a free use of the whip? Is it surprising too that the slave trade flourished in East Africa when there was a constant demand by merchants, by missionaries, and by Government officials for porters for this deadly journey? If the railway had done nothing more than remove this wrong and misery it would be worth the money that is being spent upon it.

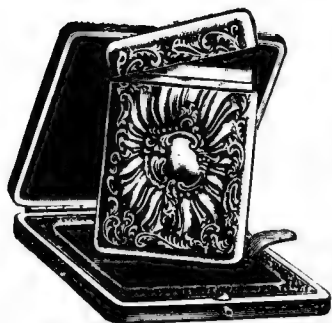
With regard to the progress of the railway, a good deal of

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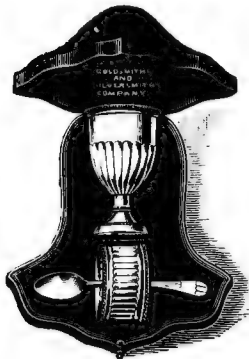
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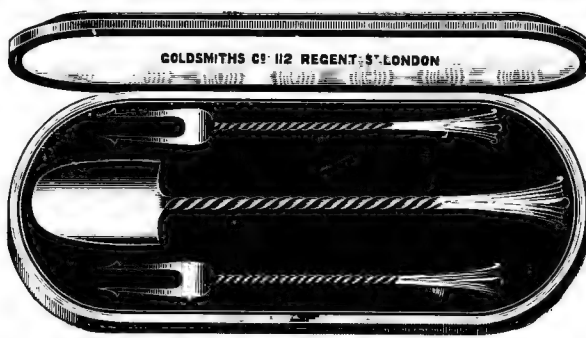
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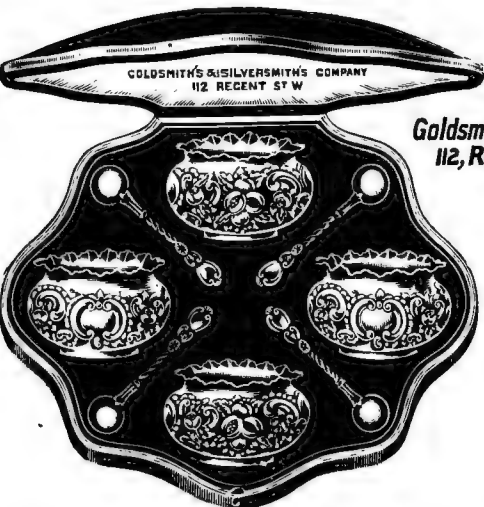


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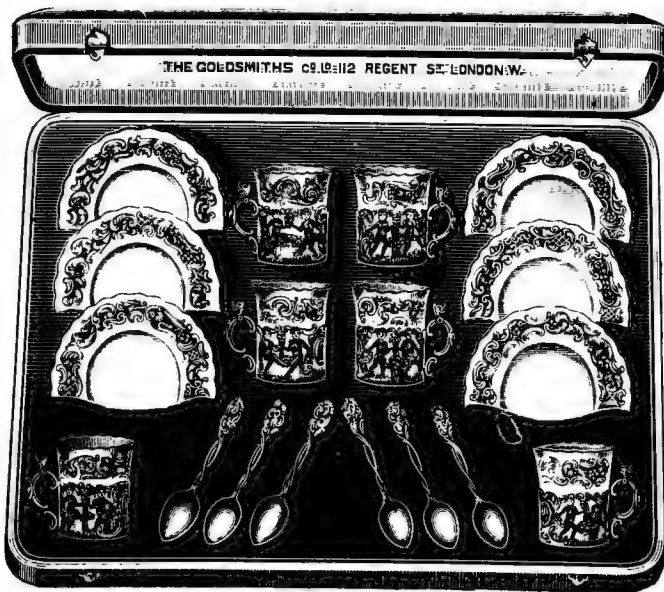


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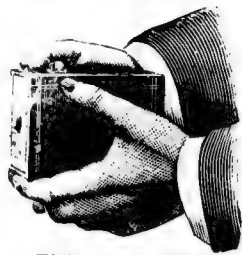
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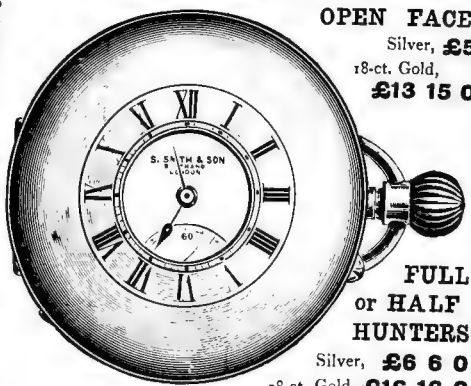
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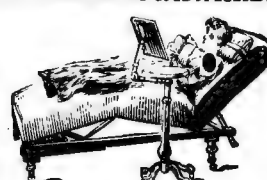
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## An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

WHILE the Romney Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery is arousing enthusiasm for the charm and sense of style, and the astounding facility of the painter, it must, I think, give pause to the connoisseur—I do not now refer to the ordinary rich collector, who follows fashion and his own taste—in estimating the real technical quality of the master. Master he was, undoubtedly, and his summariness is exquisite. But that summariness is not that of Velasquez, or even of Rubens, nor can his colour (I do not say *colours*) stand beside that of Reynolds or Gainsborough. It is very doubtful if his money-value will remain at its present figure; it is certain that his painter-value will decline in the estimate of judges unbiassed by fashion, personal whim, or other accidents of the sale-room. Guido Reni and Carlo Dolci, let it be remembered, were once hailed as the equals, if not the superiors, of Raphael, and Frans Hals hardly fetched a ten-pound note.

The colossal young lady who presides over the entrance to the Paris Exhibition in the form of a protecting guardian-angel, or Nike, has afforded more occasion for discussion than most sculptures which are set up in Paris. The fact is that Monsieur Moreau-Vauthier's statue is neither so good as people said it was, nor so bad as they now declare it to be. I have seen the original clay model from which the present work is cast, and I can affirm that it is not without dignity, charm, and originality. Of course, to say, as so many have been saying, that this is the first statue of a female figure attired in modern costume which has ever been set up is mere romance, as every one who has seen a statue of Queen Victoria, or of Queen Anne, or Queen Bess, will bear witness; but that it is the first which has been made on a colossal scale in the latest fashion from the Rue de la Paix is probably true. To my eyes, where it is now, it appears to be less a statue than a ship's figurehead or an



The Crown Prince of Japan has been married according to Buddhist rites at Tokio to the Princess Sadako, belonging to the noble family of Kujo. Prince Yoshihito Harunomiya, familiarly known as Prince Haru, is the Mikado's eldest son by one of his eleven secondary wives—Yanig-wara—the Empress Hamko being childless.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AND HIS BRIDE

enormous weathercock. But it is extremely cleverly treated; and that is far more than can be said of the hideous entrance

that many artists belonging to various countries have elected to exhibit *hors concours*.

building which it surmounts—a sort of farrago of oriental ideas gone mad, or, at least, “decadent.”

Speaking of statues, I may be permitted to draw the attention of the reader to Mr. Bennett Burleigh's powerful plea—that a statue, a sculptural memorial, should be raised in London to the heroic gunners who at Korn Spruit “wheeled the already sorely hit battery deliberately into action, twelve hundred yards from the enemy's position, fought, bled, and died, but saved the situation and the major portion of General Broadwood's column.” As he well says, there is room upon James's Parade or Hyde Park for such works of homage as this—and we owe it to the memory of these men, not only for their sake, but for our own. Lord Salisbury has been reminding us how fine art springs out of war; may not the Government take its share in initiating a production more direct by commissioning certain works to celebrate the greatest and most splendid deeds of heroism with which the war has been illumined?

The immediate preparation of the medals for the troops has been decided upon, and the joke that there should be no obverse, as sides will be wanted for “reverses,” can now be forgotten in Lord Roberts's successes. It hardly be said that the authorities have risen to the situation in securing a design fitting the occasion, for the official and, it is to be feared, the public mind does not seem able to realise that medals are now being produced which are entirely equal to the best of the past. The admirable works in medallic art which are now being wrought are as fine as Greek sculpture, as fanciful as a Renaissance medallion, and, at the same time, perfect as portraiture. This is the art specially adapted to the immortalising of the features and the deeds of the heroes who have fallen in the war by those who loved them, and would keep the memory of them fresh among their friends.

As to medals, few have any notion of the number distributed as awards at a great Exhibition like that at Paris. In 1889 no fewer than 22,000 were distributed in all classes; and that number does not include the 8,000 “honourable mentions,” that is to say, one to every two exhibitors. Of course, only a fraction of these go to art; and this year it will probably be seen that fewer than usual will be distributed in that section, for the reason

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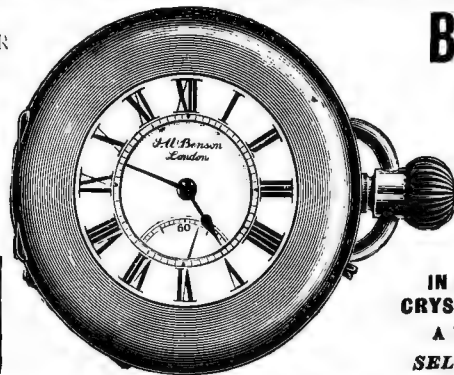
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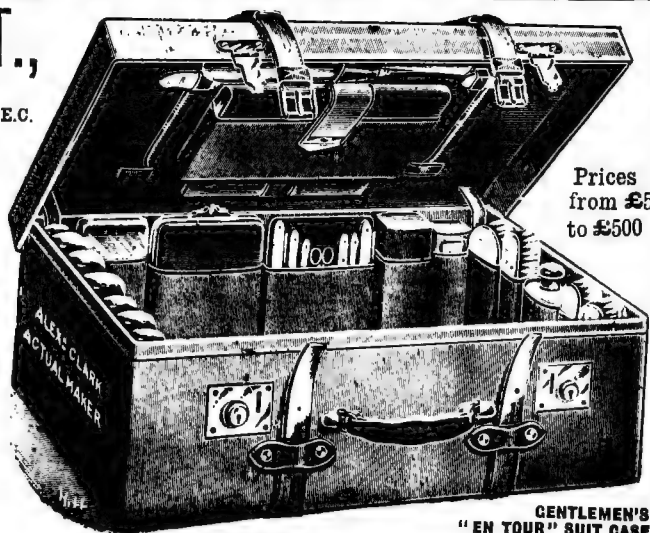
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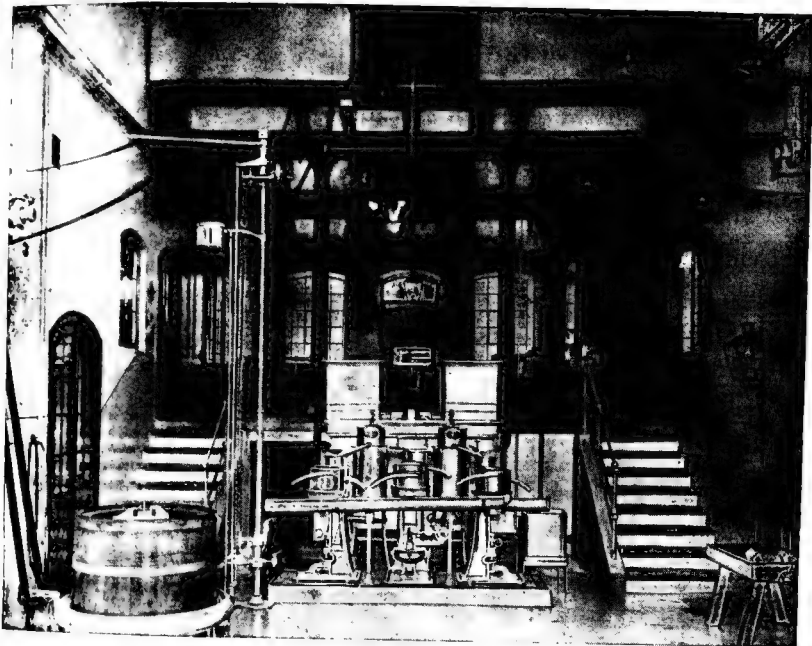
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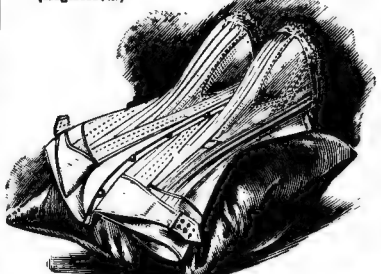
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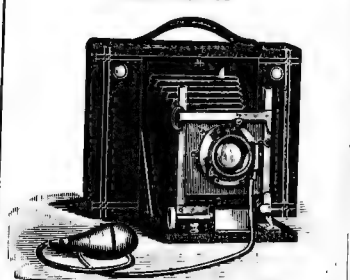
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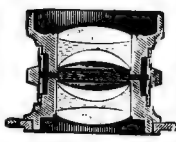
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"THE FARRINGDONS"

THE people of all sorts whose varied assortment of talk is chronicled by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in "The Farringdons" (Hutchinson and Co.) say so many things that some of them cannot help being good, even on no better ground than the doctrine of probabilities. We will, indeed, go farther, and say that some of them are very good indeed, and that these are quite frequent enough to occupy the mind of the reader in a lively look-out for them. The story is of little importance, and, as its whole point consists in a surprise, it is not for us, by anticipation, to weaken a plot insufficiently robust to stand the operation. But then it is presumably not for their story that novel-readers still remember "A Double Thread" or "Concerning Isabel Carnaby"—a lady, by the way, who passes across the present stage in a way calculated to puzzle such persons—and we can assure the authoress that there are actually such, to whom she is not even so much as a name. As with these, so with "The Farringdons," the attraction consists firstly in dialogue, which is seldom otherwise than smart when it fails to be witty, and in portraiture due to original observation by fresh eyes. The old-fashioned Methodism of the Black Country is depicted in this life-like manner; humorously enough, but with a sympathetic comprehension incompatible with the dulllest suspicion of a sting. When we call the novel clever and amusing, we mean to use the words as far as they can be taken to go. It would be calling it too much to call it more.

"THE GENTLEMAN PENSIONER"

Mr. Albert Lee's "The Gentleman Pensioner: a Romance of the Year 1569" (C. Arthur Pearson), propounds a new puzzle for students of Elizabethan politics. In view of the Rising of the North, and of a conspiracy to rescue the Queen of Scots from her imprisonment at Tutbury, a Royal despatch has to be sent with all possible speed and secrecy to Lord Hunsdon, then in Somersetshire, informing him of all the steps to be taken by himself and others for the suppression of rebellion. Nothing could have been easier than to convey such a communication without incurring either suspicion or delay. It seemed good, however, to Elizabeth or her counsellors to entrust it to a solitary Gentleman Pensioner, whose errand, in one way or another, became perfectly well known to everybody concerned, and who, therefore, from start to finish, became the quarry of those to whom it was a matter of life and death to possess themselves of the all-important missive. The natural conclusion would be that the letter was so written and sent in order that it might fall into the hands of

the rebels to put them on the wrong scent, supposing them to be so easily gullible, while different and genuine instructions were forwarded to Hunsdon in a more rational manner. Fairfax Flamsteed, however, the messenger, took a serious view of his mission; and the really terrible adventures he underwent in its achievement are too numerous for counting. A rough estimate may be made by multiplying the forty-one chapters of the novel by two. He is certainly as staunch as he is stupid, and his sweetheart and true helpmate, Irene Repyngdon, is even more staunch, if possible, than he. We had no previous idea that the castles of Elizabethan Somerset were so indistinguishable from those of the Robber-Barons of the Medieval Rhine. Mr. Lee has made the most of his study of bull-dog tenacity and fidelity. But was it quite orthodox on the part of a hero of romance to arrest Mary Queen of Scots—when she had just reached the lowest rung of a rope-ladder, instead of looking the other way?

"BECKY"

In "Becky" (C. Arthur Pearson), Helen Mathers has lost no time in tuning herself to the South African pitch which is likely to be adopted by authors in general who do not include among the uses of fiction its service as an occasional refuge from the daily papers. So much is she up to date that her *dénouement* does not come about till the trees have been made green by this present spring, and the full list of casualties at Spion Kop has become quite ancient news to Becky and her friends. Her reference, however, to South Africa, and to Cape Town in particular, as "that rich, stirring country, long and picturesquely familiar to us through the Bible," seems to be taking common knowledge rather too much for granted. We question, indeed, whether Alexander Cruden himself would not have had to be content with the second place in a Scripture class that was fortunate enough to contain the authoress of "Becky." The main action of the story, however, would have been unaffected had public familiarity with South Africa remained purely Biblical. The hero, in the course of his travels, has promised an Indian maiden to carry away with him her father's fetish and never to allow it to be taken from him by the man who will win her hand as the reward of its recovery. Instead of throwing the rubbish at once into the sea, like any sensible man, he carries it about with him on his person, thus becoming the quarry of an Indian assassin who shadows him as tightly as if he had been after the Moonstone. How Becky gets rid of the Indian much more successfully than she tries to get rid of her lover for the sake of her friend constitutes a lively, if not very convincing, plot; and "Courage, sir, which makes a man or woman look his goodliest," is by no means an ill-chosen motto for the opening chapter.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

MR. INWARDS, of the Royal Meteorological Society, attempted in his standard book upon the weather to compare White of Selborne, but on the ground of average dates of leafing and flowering he meets not only White, but Mr. Three accurate observers of this calibre give us interesting May notes. The horse chestnuts, which London were coming into flower on the 12th inst., are now fully out, are given by White as flowering on the 21st. Mr. Inwards on the 20th, but Markwick's average date is 15th. The whole trio would agree that the present flowering date, which in a generally late season is remarkable, is out. Markwick averages it at the 7th, Inwards gives White the 21st. Here we are inclined to say that almost Mr. Inwards is right; the two other dates seem to us. Gilbert White devotes particular attention to the flowering of a matter somewhat neglected by Mr. Inwards. White's May 5-17 for the *Viburnum*, May 13-15 for the oak, May the beech, May 16 for the maple, May 18 for the laburnum, 26 for the common elder. We fancy very few laburnum flower to-day, and that still fewer elders will be in flower by June. Thus White's dates are by no means uniformly late. May 5 as the average date when the apple flowers appear, Mr. Inwards seems to us to take an optimistic view of seasons. We can scan his date of May 11 for the asphodel, for we do not find English growth he identifies with the classical Sicilian flow.

A TYPICAL MAY

May, as one would fain see it, should not be hot, for the proverb says that a hot May makes a fat churchyard. And it should be a dry month, since "a dry May brings nothing gay." At the same time "A May wet was never kind yet," so that an average rainfall of two inches would seem to be the desideratum. It is true that on the Welsh border they say that a "wet May" brings a big load of hay," but the arable counties have also to be considered, and even hay may lose in quality what it gains in bulk. That "a cold May enriches nobody" is an old saying, and a wet May has already seen that a hot May is dangerous we are once more brought to a safe average position. May, presumably, should have an average temperature, which in England is 53.1 degrees. The statement that "those who bathe in May will soon be laid in clay" is, we trust, confined to bathing *sub dio*. Why "to wed in May" is "to wed poverty" we know not, but May is not a favorable month for marriages either in Protestant or in Catholic countries. It is said that "beans blow before May doth go," but some late seasons

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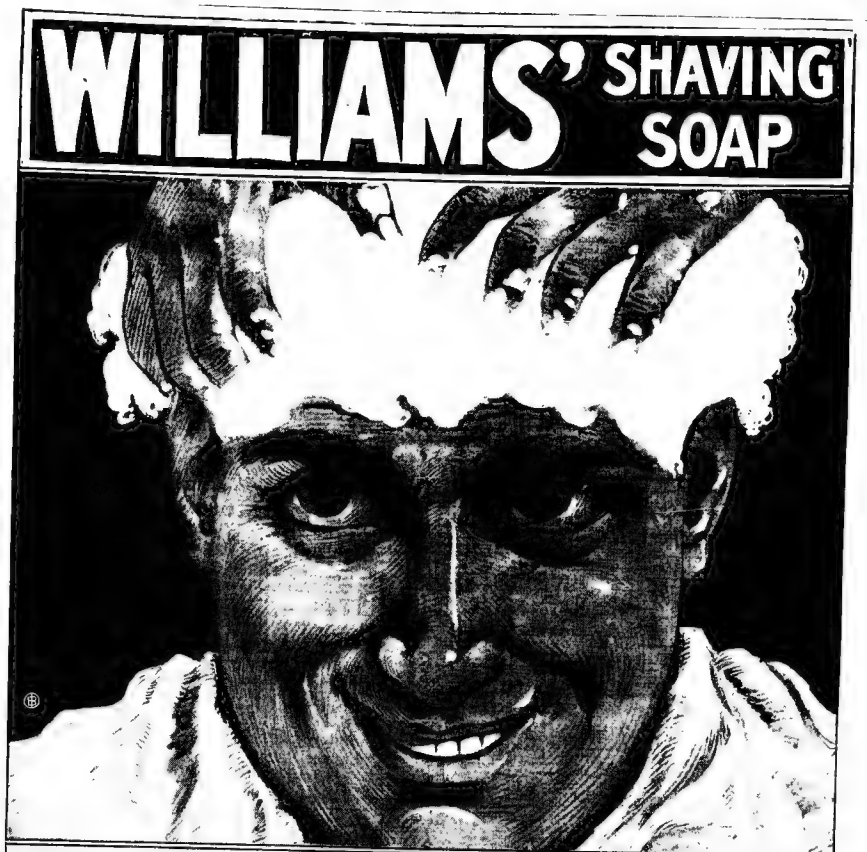
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contradict this. There is a saying, too long to repeat, to the effect that wheat in May is apt to look far worse than it really is. We sincerely hope this saying has justification to-day, for the fields by no means promise an average crop. The value of a May swarm of bees needs no description; it is as well known as it is illusory.

## MAY PRICES

Sea kale, a late winter vegetable, is very cheap, very good, and very abundant, while the typical May vegetable, asparagus, is dear and very scarce. The quality, however, is excellent. Forced strawberries at half a crown for a good punnet are not dear, but pessimists tell us that the natural crop will scarcely be plentiful, so much has the backward and ungenial spring been against it. The parrot tulips of April are still with us, and are excellent decoration in a dull time. Of the more serious marketings it may be stated that wheat, barley, oats and Indian corn are all exceedingly cheap, but linseed and other rapidly fattening foods are dear. Hops are extremely low in price, and so are old potatoes; the latter, however, are sadly lacking in quality. Main crop are held for five pounds per ton. New potatoes from Teneriffe are selling at 17s. per cwt. With the approach of summer, however, retarded, the pig in his various aliases ceases to be appreciated, and bacon has led the other articles in a price decline. Ducklings are in request; 5s. is no uncommon price. Fowls, however, are not fetching so much as usual. Cheese is not being sold at remunerative prices for English, but fine French and Canadian sorts are in request, and

doubtless remunerate their producers. Eggs sell well. Butter is cheap. Neither fat nor lean cattle are selling well. Mutton is not very good in price, and lamb is selling at very moderate rates.

## NORFOLK AND IRISH CATTLE

Ireland breeds many thousands of cattle for Norfolk, and the East Anglian farmer is an inveterate believer in the Hibernian animal as one that fattens kindly and comes on well. At the same time, it must occur to every well-wisher of the two countries that the expense of shipping animals from Dublin to Holyhead, with a long railway journey both before and after the voyage, is a clear waste, and that the remuneration of the various middlemen is pure waste also. Why should not Ireland, with its magnificent pastures, fatten its own cattle, and why should not Norfolk farmers, with their superior command of capital, buy the fattening foods which should enable them to rear their own calves from birth? The answer is that the Irish farmer lacks the means to embark in a profitable but speculative enterprise, while the Norfolk farmer would require more capital than he possesses, or, to put it more practically, would have to become "a smaller man" and have less cattle than by the method of buying the half-reared Irish animals. Ireland at present is content with a small and steady profit, Norfolk with a somewhat showy enterprise. If both contracting parties are satisfied, no case for interference is shown, yet the economy of the two kingdoms suffers, and the thousands of disturbed and transshipped animals suffer also.

## CATTLE DISEASE

The last outbreak in Norfolk is traced to a remarkable cause. The butchers who killed the cattle affected by the first outbreak wiped their boots on the corner of a haystack. Some time after, the hay from this stack was carted down to Wickhampton, and is proved to have been fed to the cattle on the Wickhampton marshes which afterwards developed the disease. The Government acted with a most praiseworthy decision in this matter, and when the last twenty-one infected animals were slaughtered it caused the clothing of the two slaughtermen to be buried with the carcasses of the animals. The best course of, however, would be not to bury but to burn the infected carcasses and clothes.

## TITHES

Tithe rent charge in 1899 was redeemed on 684 buildings aged 626 in 1898, while the present applications are 1,130 in number. Assuming that a thousand of these get through, a gratifying steady increase in redemptions will be shown. Nothing could be more satisfactory in a rural or in an ecclesiastical sense. Rights of tithes may be as absolute as those of any other property, but they cause vastly more friction. It is, then, for every one's benefit that they should be redeemed as extensively as possible. We wish, indeed, that Government would let money for the purpose on the easiest terms, such as the current of Consols.

**Holders of Twenty-Two Special Royal and Imperial Warrants of Appointment.**  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN & H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

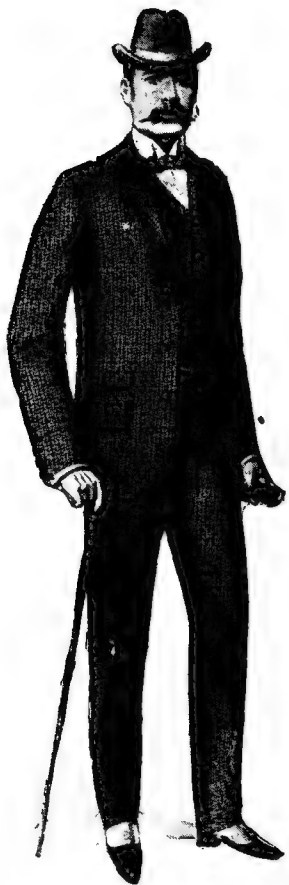
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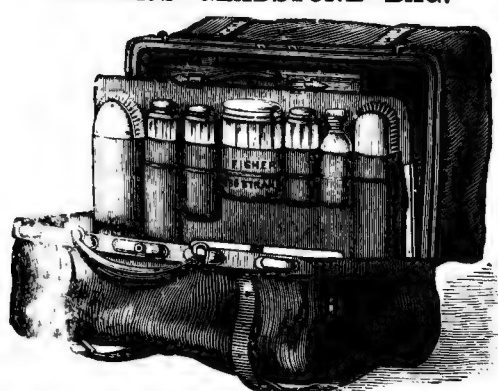
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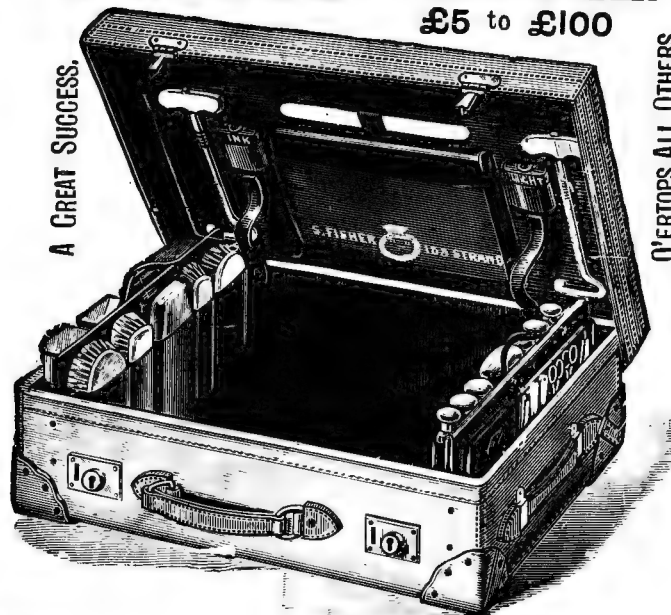


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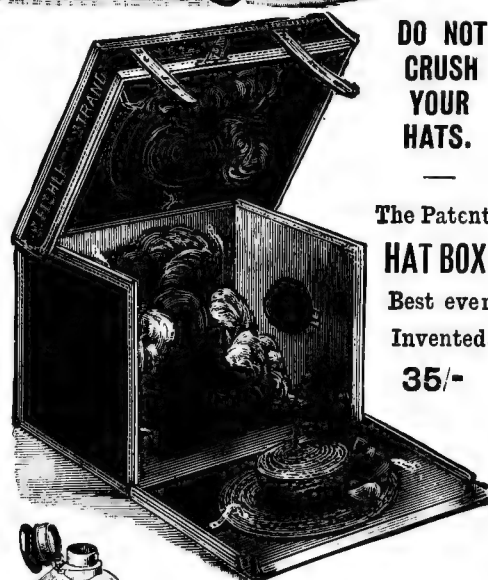
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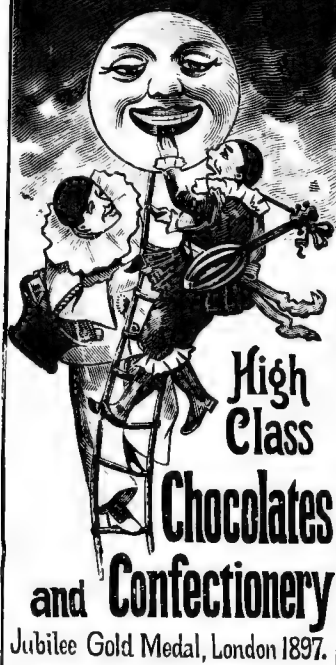
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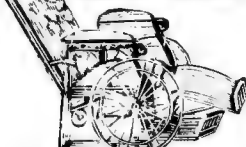
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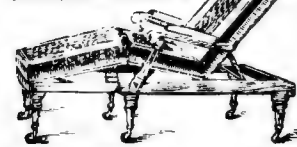
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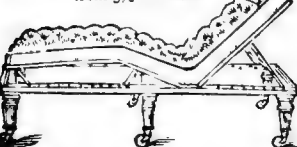
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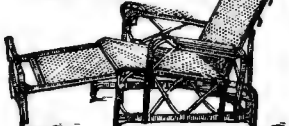
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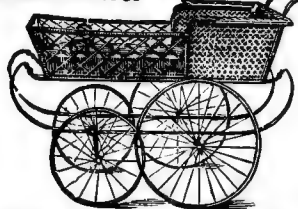
35, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

9, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.

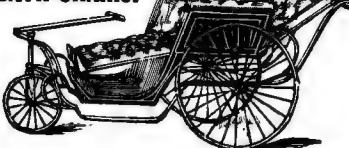
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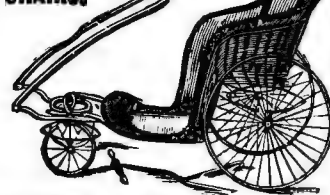
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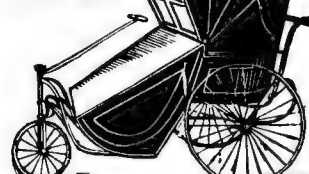
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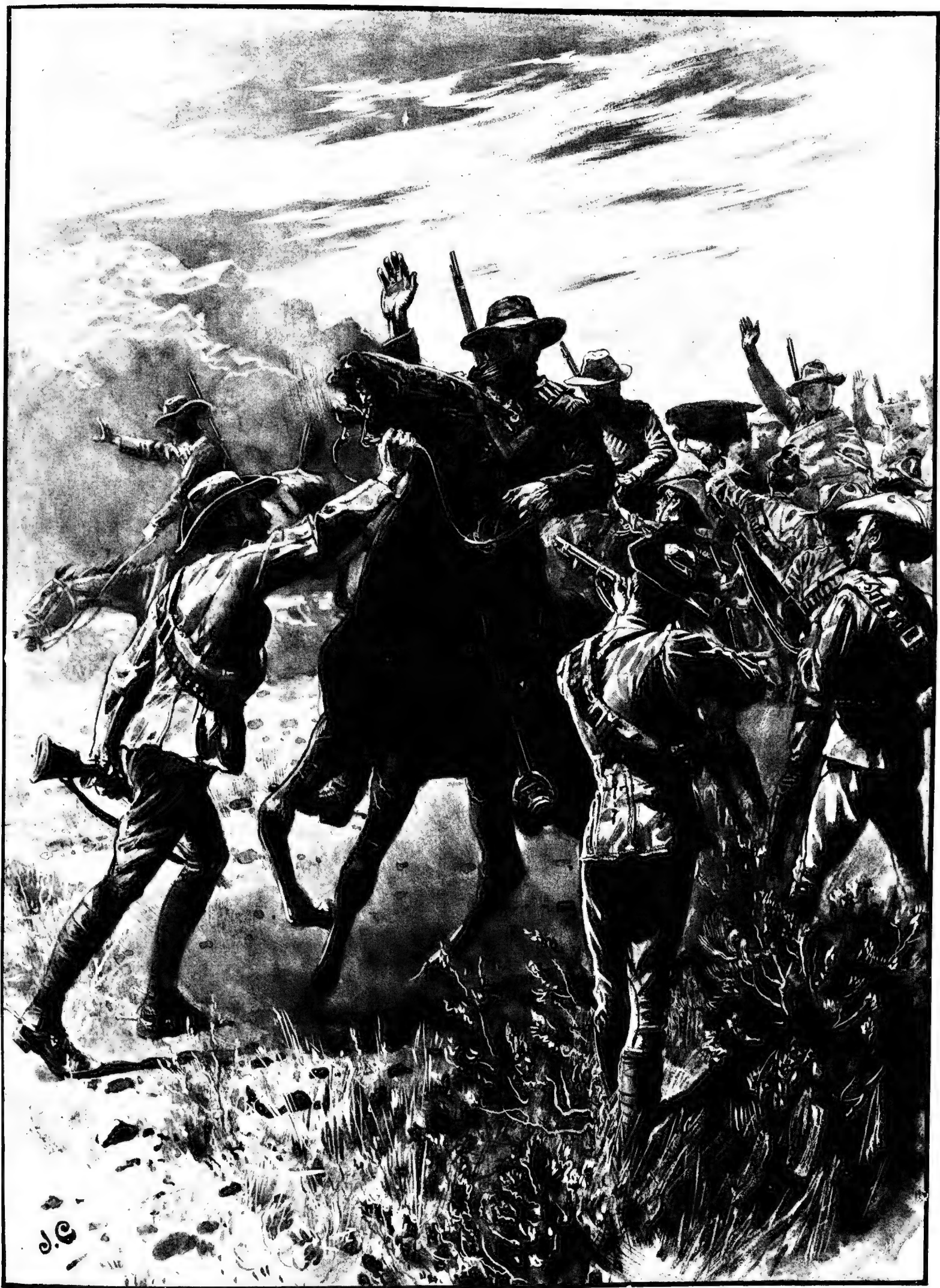
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# THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Our Correspondent writes:—"The night after the occupation of Bethulie and the crossing of the Orange River, Montmorency's Scouts having had information of a small party of armed Boers being in the neighbourhood, lay in ambush in a donga by the side of a road along which the Boers would have to pass. They had not been there half an hour when seven armed Boers came along. They fell in the very arms of the ambush and tried to bolt, but they were immediately surrounded and taken prisoners. They all belonged to the Colesberg commando."

A CLEVER CAPTURE: SMART WORK OF MONTMORENCY'S SCOUTS



THE LATE CAPTAIN SALMON  
Died of Enteric



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. C. H. CRALLAN  
Killed at Bird's River



THE LATE LIEUTENANT S. R. THEOBALD  
Killed at Thaba 'Nchu



THE LATE LIEUTENANT B. T. ROSE  
Died of enteric at Maritzburg



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. F. W. STANIF  
Died of wounds at Dewetsdorp



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. VERSCHOYLE  
Died of wounds received at Thaba 'Nchu



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. ROSE  
Killed at Welkom



THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. RUSSELL BROWN  
Died of wounds at Sanna's Post



THE LATE MAJOR F. G. CASSON  
Killed at Reddersburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT H. WALLIS  
Died of fever at Gaberones



DRAWN BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

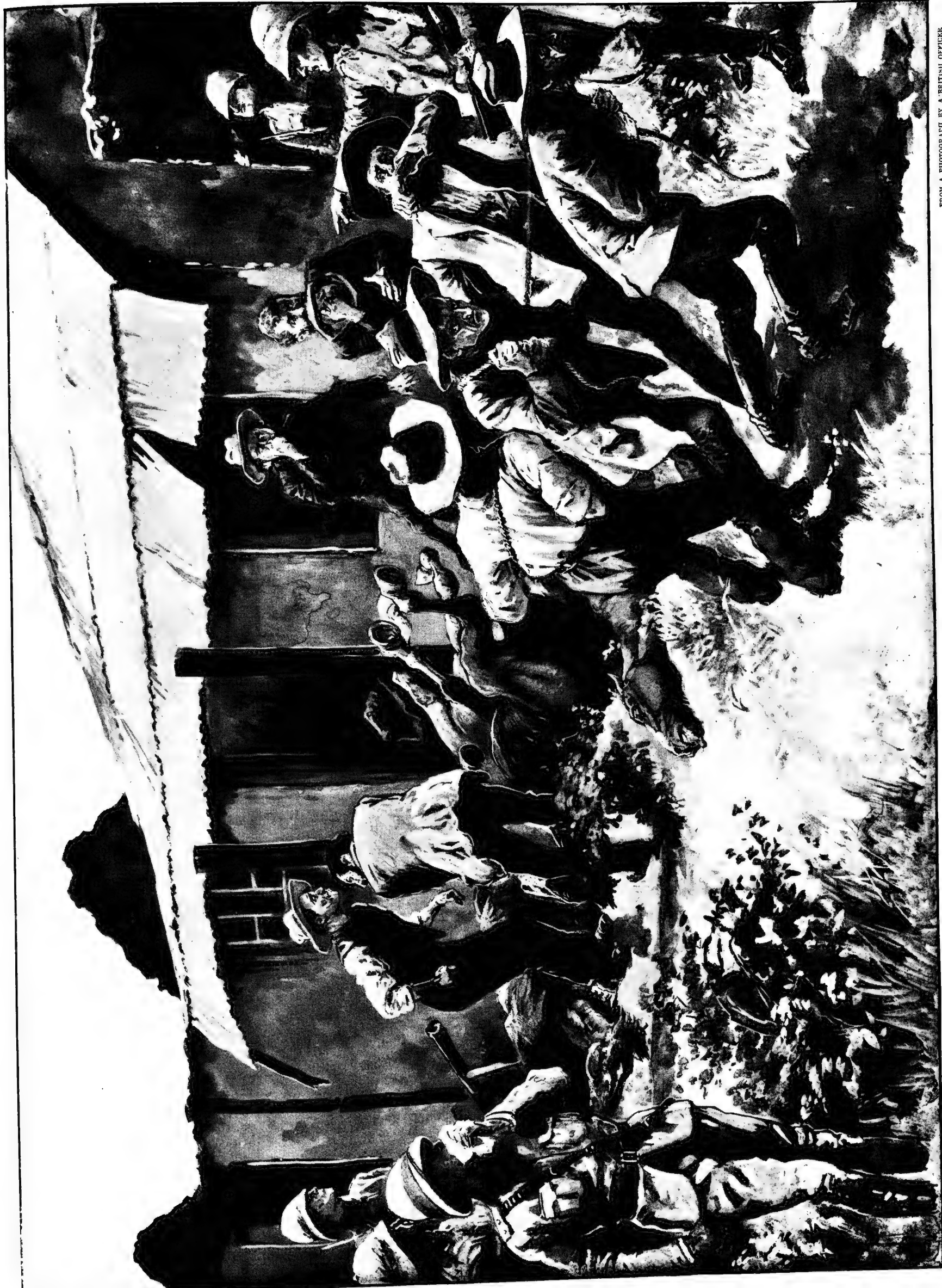
FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Much trouble is experienced by our men in their advance owing to the treachery of the burghers, who pretend to submit, giving up old weapons while they conceal their Mausers and ammunition. These they sometimes bury, but our native scouts are very keen, and more than once arms have been

dug up in farms owing to their information, after the farmer had protested that he had none on his premises

WITH LORD ROBERTS IN THE FREE STATE: SEARCHING FOR ARMS AND AMMUNITION





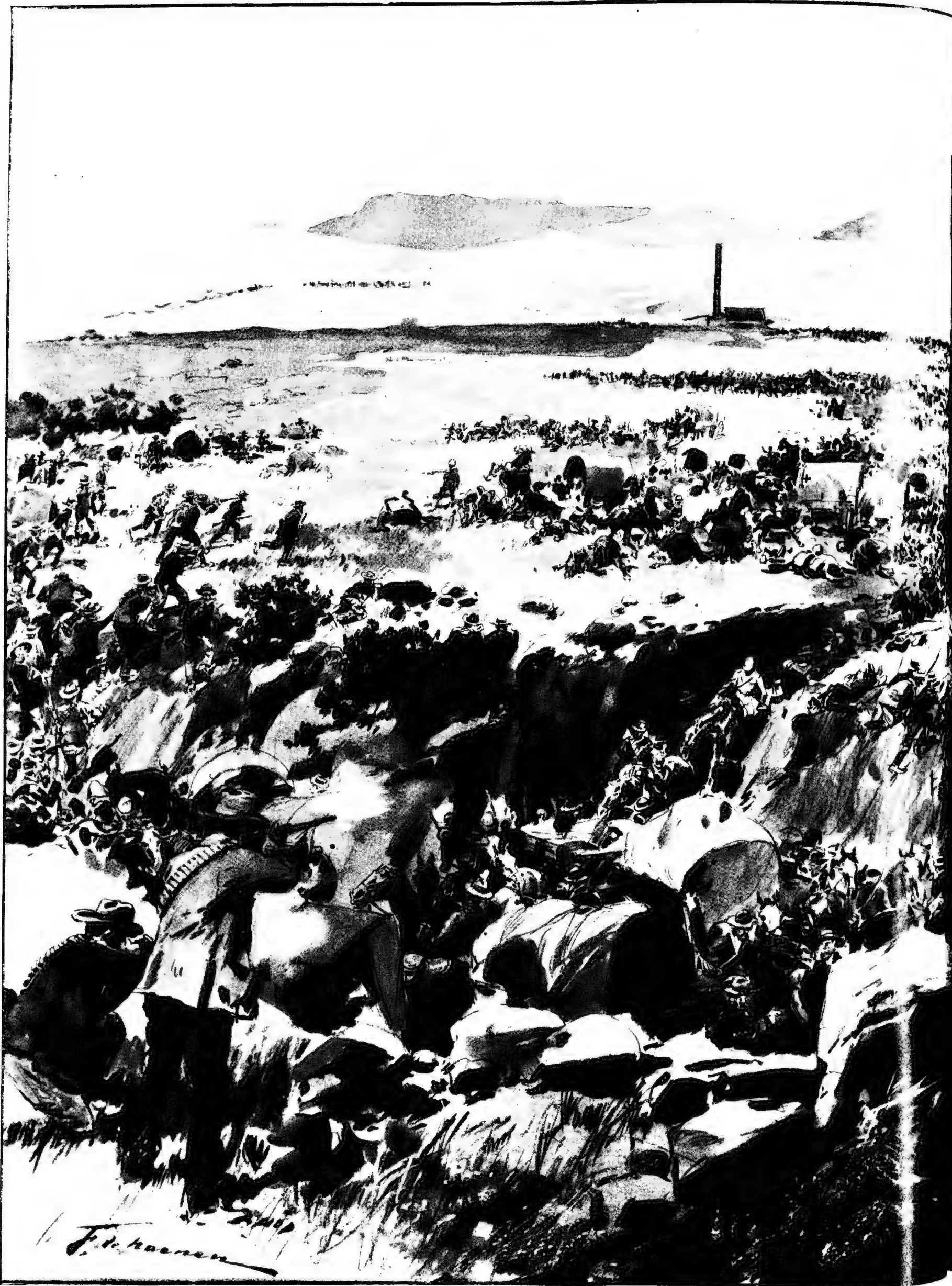
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Before our troops entered Colenso, the Boers had all their dead horses brought into the houses, which were thereby made, of course, quite untenable. Luckily, a convoy of Boer prisoners were brought in, and the officer in charge made them drag the horses out and get them away, so the "Biter was bit," for the work was anything but pleasant, the stench being intolerable.

THE BITER BIT: AN INCIDENT WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWN, R.I.





DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

Colonel Broadwood's Cavalry Brigade, which had been left at Thaba Nchu, was obliged to leave owing to the Boers and rebels gathering in the neighbourhood, and to fall back on Bloemfontein. His road lay past the waterworks at Sanna's Post. Near there the Boers laid a very skillfully planned ambuscade. They knew that the force must cross Koorn Drift. Four hundred of their best mounted men were concealed in the drift, lining the nullah and railway earthwork, and at the same time a large force was told off to harass our men when leaving camp. Our force

hastily broke up camp when the Boers opened fire. At the head of the column were the waggons, and they were followed by two Batteries ("Q" and "U") of Royal Horse Artillery. Behind them were the Household Cavalry, the 10th Hussars, Roberts's Horse, and the 1st Burma Mounted Infantry. As the waggons descended the narrow neck and came to the drift, they were quietly, one by one, captured by the Boers, and the drivers told to get left—without a shot being fired, the Kaffir drivers being easily frightened into submission.

## THE AMBUSCADE AT KOORN





FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

... but "Q" Battery was warned in time and hastily swung round. Then the  
... all sides. The drift became a pandemonium. The captured gun teams  
... mingling with loose mule spans and dis-mounted Boers, while four guns of  
... "U" thundered back 1,000 yards to the tin buildings, destined some day to be  
... Robert's Horse went with them, a wild broken mass taking magazine fire in  
... walls were no cover from the fire which now swept the flat, but they marked a

term to the stampede. The mad pace checked, the guns seemed to divide automatically from  
the limbers. The teams and waggons disappeared behind the station buildings, and our defence  
began. The discipline of the gunners was magnificent. Man after man went down, until at  
length, when the order came to retire, only ten men and one officer remained standing on the field.  
Then for two hours the cavalry and mounted infantry covered the retreat. Our honour was saved,  
but seven guns and the baggage train were lost

RETREAT. A CRITICAL MOMENT



## War Notes from the Magazines

### JOHANNESBURG FORT

MR. H. C. THOMSON contributes to *Cornhill* an interesting account of a visit to the Forts at Johannesburg, which some few years since he was allowed to inspect. Unlike Pretoria, which lies in a narrow, cup-shaped valley, Johannesburg is built on the slope of the bare, treeless downs which constitute the Witwatersrand.

The Fort has been erected on the crest of the hill, and dominates the whole of the town which lies outstretched beneath it. It also commands the level summit of the hill on both sides to the right and left, and a distance of a mile to a mile and a half of level ground at the back which extends between it and where the hillside breaks abruptly away into a valley lying nearly a thousand feet below. It is an ideal position for a fort, for it would be impossible for an enemy to approach it unobserved, or, if the houses in its immediate vicinity were destroyed, to obtain cover while making an attack. The walls of the Fort consist of sloping banks of earth about 30 feet in height, crowned on the top by an embraured parapet. Inside these earth banks are bomb-proof concrete chambers for the men to live in, and within the gaul is a well, so that there is no danger of a scarcity of water. At the time of our visit the Fort was only just finished, and the guns had not yet arrived. I was told they were on their way out, and were expected in about a month's time, and I was shown both where the big guns were to be placed, and also the Maxims for enfilading the glacis. This was in January 1898—just two years after the Raid—and that the Fort should have been then still uncompleted goes some way to prove that at any rate the more extensive of the Transvaal armaments were subsequent, and not anterior, to the Raid.

### SIR GEORGE WHITE ON GIRLS AND THE WAR

Ladysmith was spared one trouble during the siege, and General Sir George White seems to have known nothing about "the plague of women" which has so vexed the heart of Mr. Treves. So much

one may gather from his eloquent tribute in the *Girls' Realm* for June to the part played by girls in South Africa since the beginning of the war. "I am really glad to have an opportunity," he says, "to express my thorough appreciation of girls' work. I have frequently wondered whether our people at home were hearing of

these services, and I believe now they have not known of them." With this as his text, General White proceeds to describe in glowing colours the part played by girls during the siege of Ladysmith and at the Cape, and it is very comforting to read that women and girls have left an impression so opposite as that made on the eminent surgeon, Lord Randolph Churchill is equally enthusiastic in describing, in the same magazine, the good work done by girls in South Africa.

### A DIARY TO BE LOOKED FOR

In the *Lady's Realm* Sarah Tooley gives an excellent character sketch, with many illustrations, of the gallant defender of Mafeking, Colonel Baden-Powell. Alluding to his manifold accomplishments as soldier, actor, and artist, etc., the writer says:—

But possibly the most interesting of Colonel Baden-Powell's literary efforts are his unpublished diaries. They consist of diaries which he has been sending to his mother from wherever he has been, and which he has been sending to his mother from wherever he has been. These are models of neat execution, and are closely written in ink, and illustrated on the margin with views of places he has visited, animals he has shot, or other things which he has been engaged in. These are sketched in water-colour. Mr. Baden-Powell has not, however, received the accustomed diaries from his son since he was shut up in Mafeking, but doubtless they have been prepared, and will arrive when the exigencies of the situation permit.

### ABOUT LYDDITE

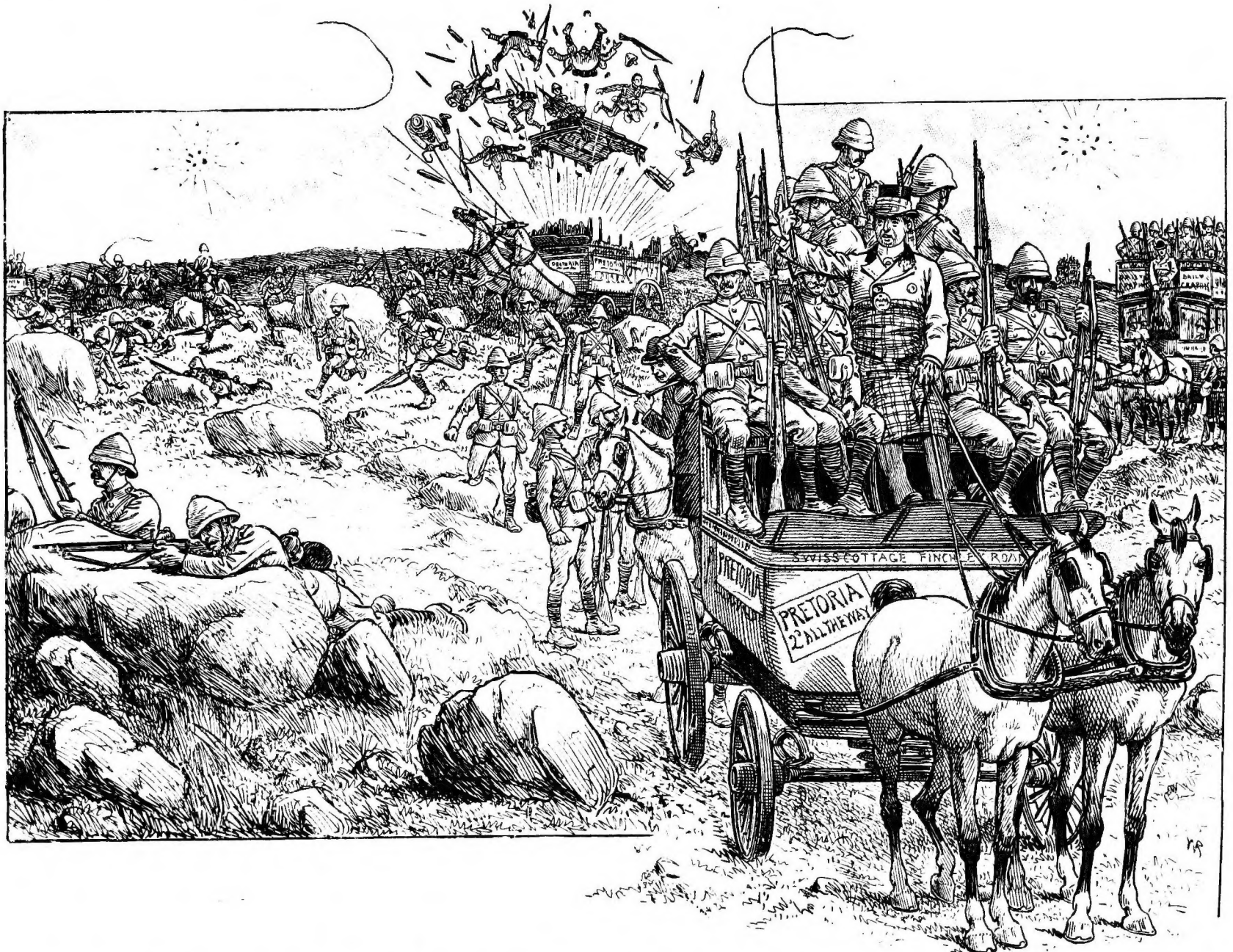
*Blackwood* contains some interesting extracts from the diary of a Boer before Ladysmith, and in the entry for one day we read:—

The bombardment continued just the same as yesterday. We were practically safe with the exception that a few lyddite shells burst very near us; but the confident boast of the English as to the death-dealing qualities of this missile is exaggerated. One burst within three yards of one man and nine yards from six, but did no harm.



In the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital the beds and endowment donations have been allotted to wards according to the localities from which they were given. Thus, a bed given by the Princess of Wales, and named "Alexandra," after her, is to be found in the Eastern Counties Ward. Our photograph is by J. Hall Edwards

### THE ALEXANDRA BED IN THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL AT DEELFONTEIN



A Correspondent writes:—"I noticed the other day an article in *The Daily Graphic* which said: 'Of our own men, for the most part town-bred, a very small proportion can be taught to ride, a still smaller proportion can gain that intimate knowledge of horses which is necessary to good horsemanship. It is

desirable, therefore, to see whether the mobility of infantry cannot be secured by other means.' It seems to me that the problem is not so difficult as it would appear at first sight. I understand that a number of omnibus horses are already doing service at the front, why not send the omnibuses out as well?"

### HOW TO INCREASE THE MOBILITY OF OUR INFANTRY: A SUGGESTION

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON





FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

driver was made to keep up with the 10th Hussars in the hurried retreat, by threats and by pointing a pistol at his head

town was carried out in a masterly manner, in spite of the inhabitants, who, after hoisting the white flag and surrendering, no sooner saw the Boer force approaching the town than they fired on our men. The Landrost and Field Cornet were put into a vehicle, and a black

Captain Pelcher entered Ladybrand on March 26, after driving in the Boer outposts. The Landrost and the Field Cornet were taken prisoners. A large body of Boers approaching the town, it was deemed prudent to retire. The evacuation after the brief occupation of the

HOW THE LANDROST OF LADYBRAND WAS CAPTURED AND CARRIED OFF

DRAWN BY W. SMALL





THE DISPENSARY OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL AT DEELFONTEIN



The Base Hospital of the Imperial Yeomanry is at Deelfontein, where it has 625 beds. Deelfontein, which is situated twenty-nine miles south of De Aar, is a small place, with no station proper, but consists of a siding and pumping station. Our photographs are by J. Hall Edwards

NO. 7 TENT OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL AT DEELFONTEIN



Information being brought to our outposts on the Tugela that some Boers had crossed the river about twenty miles up from the Tugela Ferry a party of men of the Helmskaar troop went up there and after some time located the enemy and captured a man and three horses. Two others escaped. Pursuit was taken up during the night by some of our men, who, after following the spoor through thick bush for twenty miles, found the enemy next afternoon and called on them to surrender. The Boers begged for mercy, but when half a dozen of our troops went forward immediately opened fire. One of them paid for this treachery with his life, as three revolvers immediately blazed at him. The other man threw down his arms and surrendered. The one who was shot had deserted from Colonel Plumer

AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS AT LLANDS LAAGTE: THE END OF A DESERTER

From a sketch by H. McConnick

## The War Recruit

By ONE WHO KNOWS HIM

WHENEVER this country has a really great war on hand, the recruiting department at once comes into touch with many fresh sources of supply. The war recruit proper is *sui generis*; during peace times Sergeant Kite's blandishments do not produce the slightest effect on his distaste for a military life. But no sooner does the tocsin sound than he becomes so dominated by irresistible martial ardour that he does not wait for any solicitation, but volunteers his services with all possible eagerness and is vastly disappointed should they be refused. The ordinary supply of recruits benefits, it is true, in some measure from this warlike enthusiasm; young workmen who have been in doubt whether to enlist or not are carried away by the prevailing sentiment and make the plunge without further reflection. But these belong to the class from which most recruits are obtained, even when the doors of the British temple of Janus are tightly closed. The war recruit proper is a wholly different person; whatever section of society he belongs to, the governing motive for enlistment is the hope of his fighting and its possible sequel, personal distinction. During peace times, there seems little or no chance of this ambition being gratified, while, on the other hand, association in the barrack room with men of lower social position, less refinement and less culture presents anything but an inviting aspect. The monotonous routine of regimental drill and duty also operates as a powerful deterrent when there appears little likelihood of any better outcome than the possibility of promotion to non-commissioned rank. As a result, consequently, that the classes which have contributed the bulk of the Imperial Yeomanry and Volunteers, and which have also furnished many excellent recruits to the Regulars since President Kruger threw down the gauntlet, are scarcely represented in the British Army during ordinary times.

These war recruits are of many types, although moved by the same cardinal purpose. There is the young gentleman who has failed to pass the sharp examination for admission into the Royal Military College. Fond, as a rule, of all field sports and athletic games, a good shot and sometimes an accomplished horseman, he has all the makings for an excellent soldier, although not qualified to shine under competitive examination in purely educational matters. Of near kin to him in class is the youth endowed with superabundant vitality who has got wrongly placed in some sedentary commercial employment. The monotony of his mill-horse existence is irksome to the last degree; he pines for a life of excitement and adventure. Another and very common type of the war recruit is the sower of wild oats. There is not much real harm in this Prodigal, as a rule; endowed with an easy-going temperament, he merely carries out the Epicurean philosophy in too thorough a manner, although he probably never heard of that cult. His friends—he always has many and true—speak of him as being “a little wild,” but predict great things for him as soon as he has purged away his superfluity of naughtiness. Whether that prophecy is often fulfilled may be doubtful; there can be no question, however, that he is the square peg in the square hole as a member of the auxiliary forces now at the front.

Yet another type is the ex-officer of Regulars, who, “forced by Juno and unrelenting hate,” has had to throw up his commission before reaching the rank where pay may be made to cover customary expenditure. Victims of impecuniosity, these professional soldiers are rarely capable of any other work than that which they have had to abandon, while most of them are too self-respecting to sponge on their relations for a living. Equally abhorrent to their minds is the idea of enlisting in the Regulars, to associate on equal terms with those whom they have been accustomed to command. In no section of the community was there greater joy than among these derelicts when the Imperial Auxiliaries came into being. Here, at last, was a congenial opportunity for earning a living, with a chance of distinction thrown in, by the knowledge acquired during their military training. It is no wonder, therefore, that Lord Roberts now has under his command as non-commissioned officers and privates a good few ex-officers at whose former messes he may have dined. Lastly, there are the young men who, for one reason or other, find it expedient to absent themselves from the United Kingdom for a time, if not permanently. In some cases there is no better way of getting rid of embarrassing feminine entanglements. Others, mindful of family pride and the prescriptions of social caste, but equally anxious to give reins to their military longings, jump at the chance of achieving both objects by serving as soldiers in a remote part of the world where there is little likelihood of recognition. Still others look forward to getting grants of land for farming purposes, and to providing comfortable homes for the other members of their families. The least represented class of all, if represented at all, is the real “black sheep.”

Such, then, are the leading types of the war recruit as a distinct and separate species, and it will be a matter for great regret if the War Office cannot hit upon some plan for retaining his military services after the present war comes to an end. Even among those, bank clerks and other commercial employés, who have their posts at home kept open for them, not a few would willingly remain in South Africa on suitable conditions. However, should the whole of these return to England, many thousands of fine young fellows, trained as soldiers, and endowed with invaluable campaigning knowledge, will be “open to an offer.” But whatever may be the nature of the War Office proposal, should it make one, the idea of inducing the specific war recruits to take on in the Regulars had better be dismissed once for all. That invitation was open to their acceptance before the war, but it appealed so little to their liking that they held back until opportunity presented itself for throwing in their lot with troops largely constituted of men similarly circumstanced to themselves. Such, then, is the difficult problem which the war recruit presents to the official military mind. Upon its solution largely depends the collateral and most pressing question as to whether the British Army shall continue to be recruited in future almost exclusively from the substratum of our industrial population, a system having its outcome in the “special enlistment” of undeveloped lads who cannot be sent abroad to fight no matter how great the strain on our military machinery.